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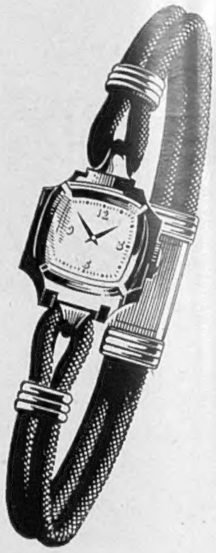

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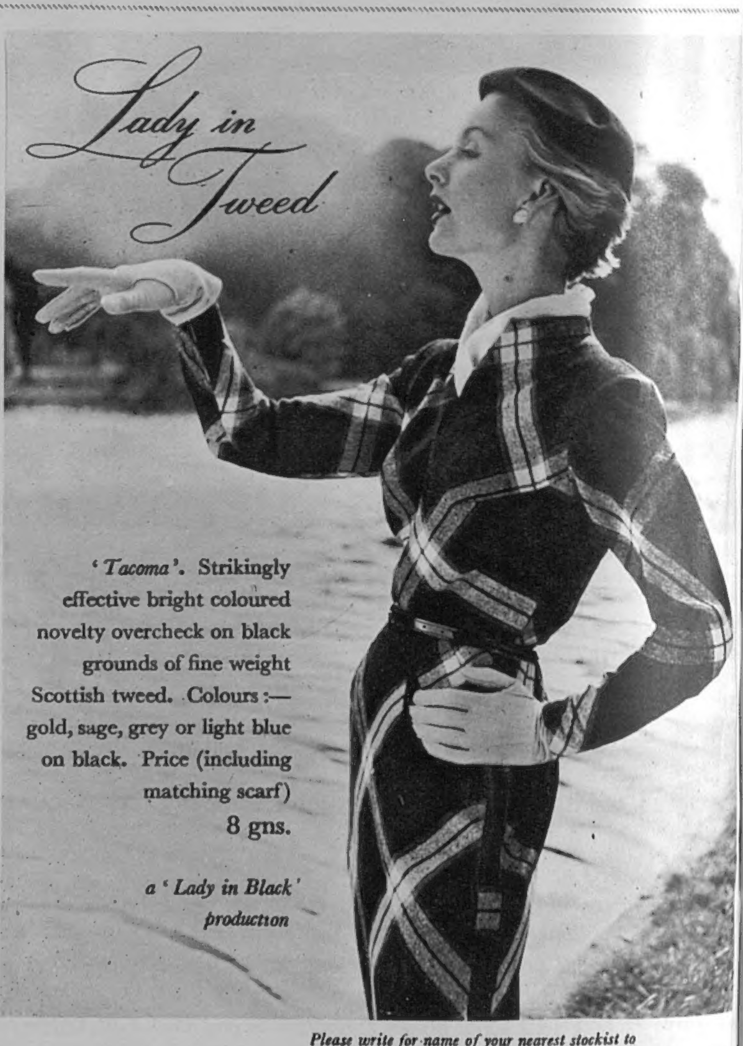

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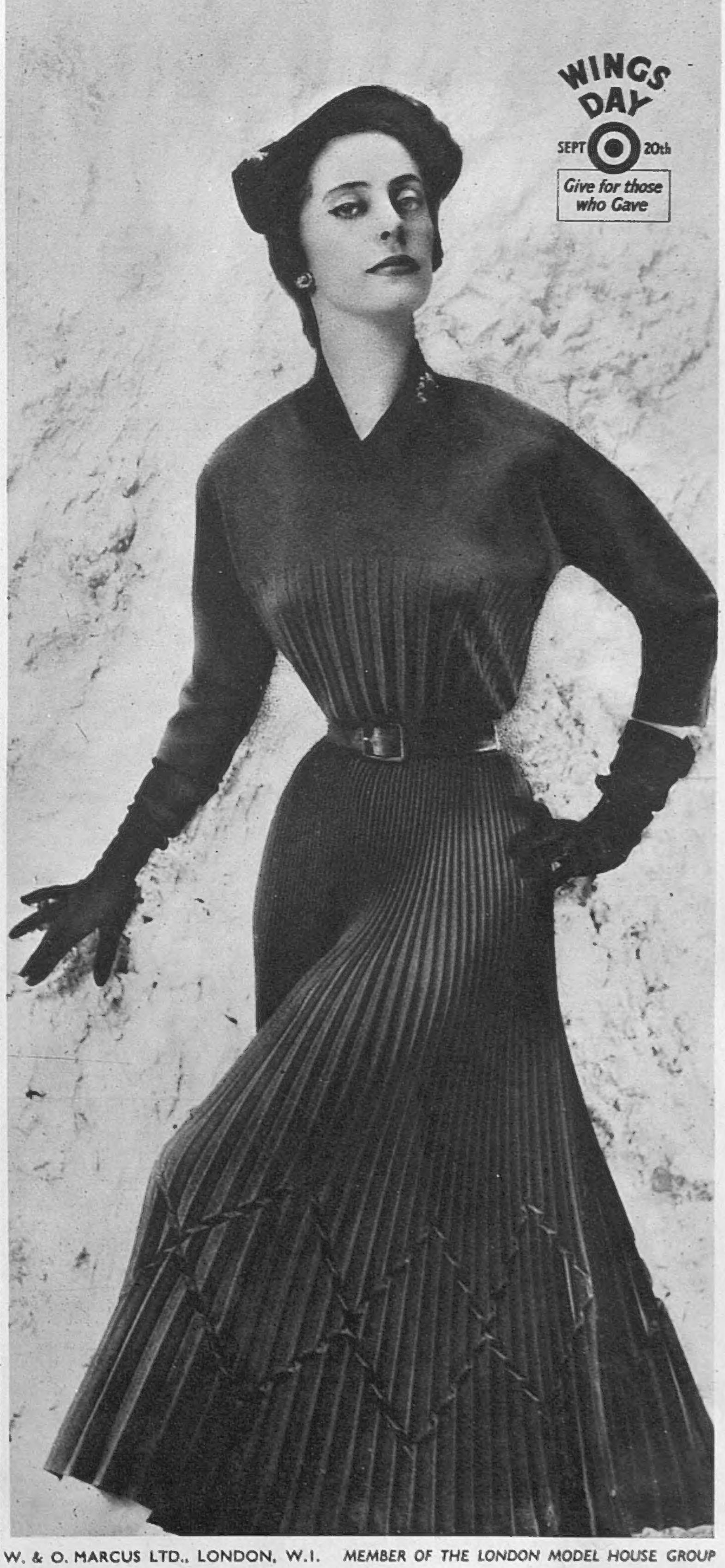

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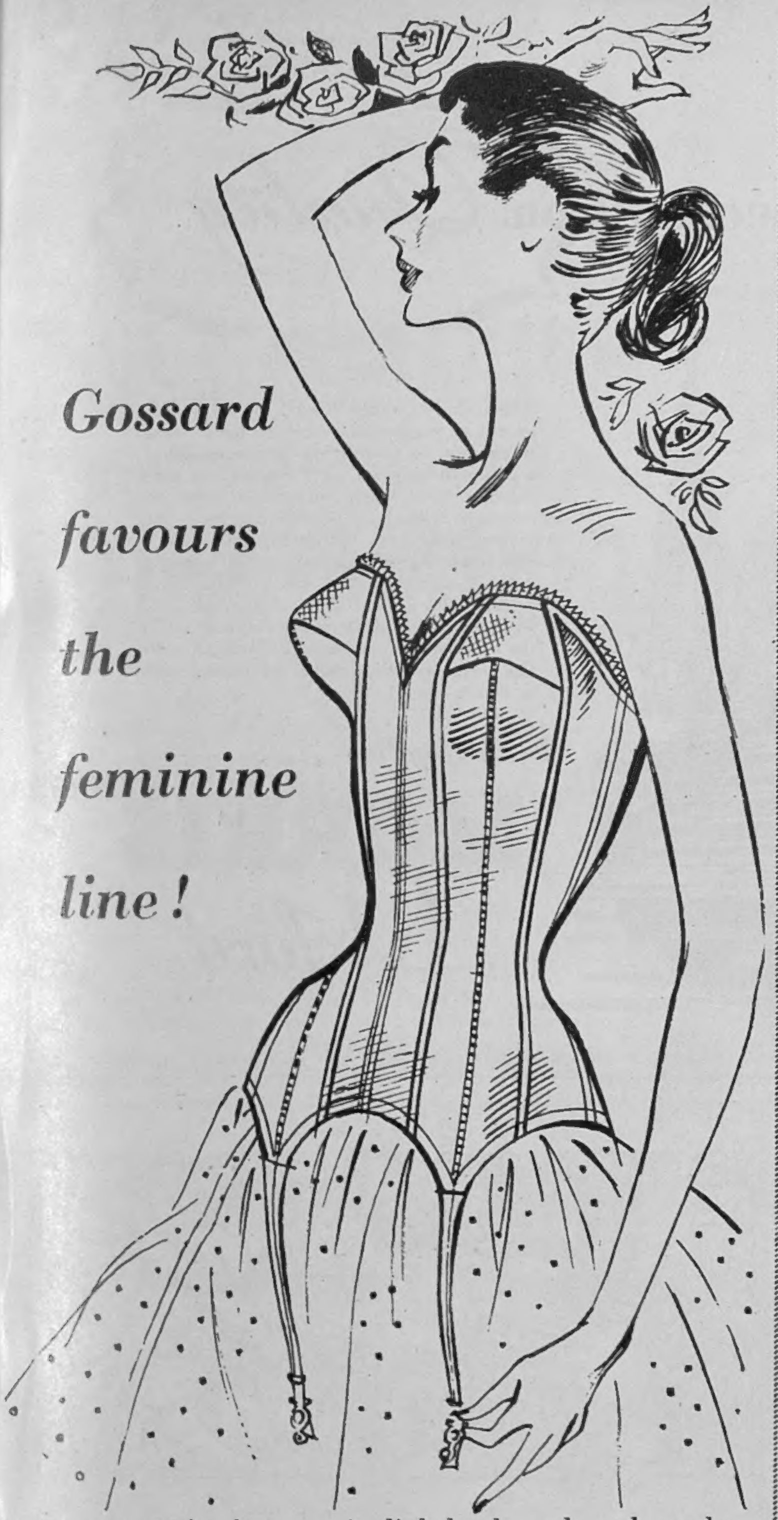

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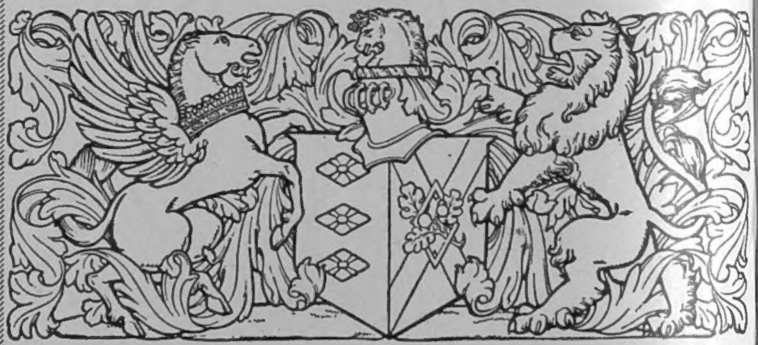

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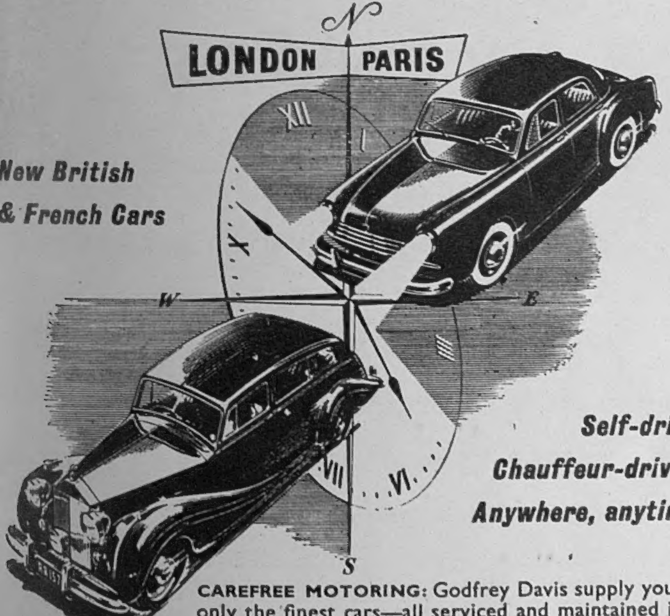

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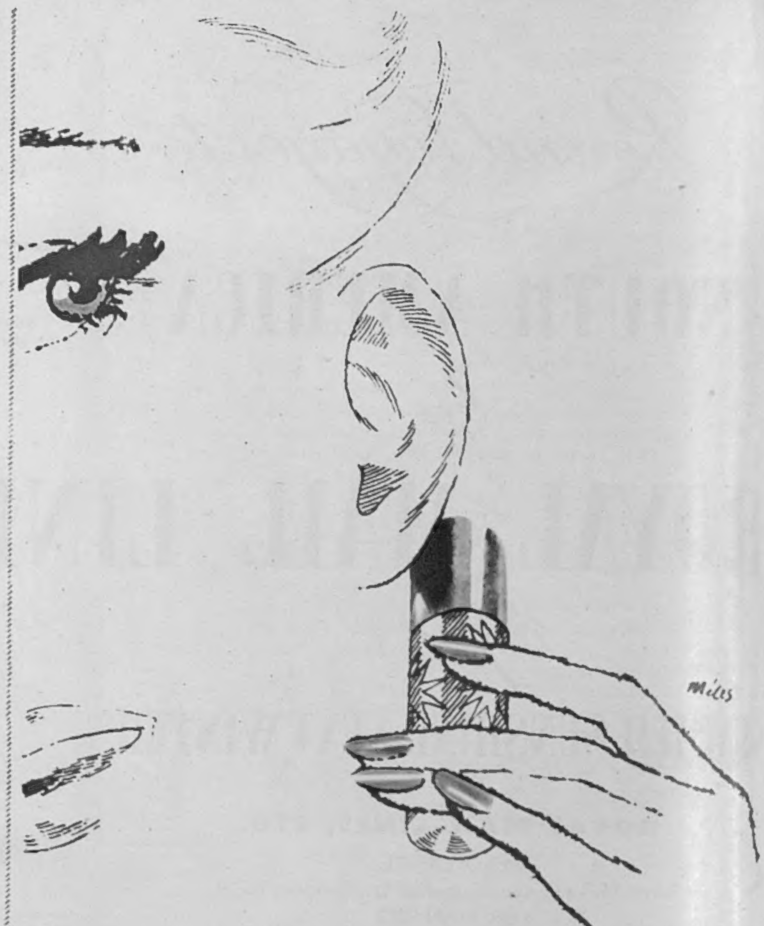

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1952

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Baron.

SYLVIA OU LA NYMPHE DE DIANE

Here is Margot Fonteyn as *Sylvia*, who was the nymph among Diana's protégées about whom legend abounds and conflicts. This new ballet, by Frederick Ashton, our famous and consistent (while versatile) choreographer, opened at Covent Garden last week. The music is by Delibes and the stars of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company will play the leading rôles in turn.

NEWS PICTURE: Bing Crosby and Bob Hope NOT at the Braemar Games.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

By compensation for the very large number of British going to Spain, this country has been the scene of a counter-invasion of Spaniards. Many of them are here for the grouse-shooting, but others, like Don Mariano de Urzaiz, the Duke of Luna, on business. The Duke has just concluded his second visit in a month—his purpose, as the new Director-General of the Spanish State Tourist Department, being to persuade even more Britons to go to Spain than are doing so at the moment. If charm can do it, the Duke should succeed, for like his friend and predecessor, Luis Bolin, he possesses that in full measure. Like Luis, too, Mariano speaks perfect English and is as much at home here as in Spain.

I see that considerable interest has been taken in Mariano's English nanny. As a matter of fact, he had two—and an English governess, while his wife Pilar had one too—who is still with them in Spain as a friend of the family. Before World War I. it was the fashion in aristocratic families in such countries as Spain, Italy or Germany to have English nannies or governesses—just as at the same period in this country the German nurse was succeeded by the French governess in many households. It is, of course, an admirable way of learning a language and acquiring, in many cases, an affection for the country from which the nanny or governess comes. It does not, of course, always work out like that (Ribbentrop, I believe, had an English nurse), but propaganda in the nursery or schoolroom was of sufficient importance to rouse the serious attention of the Germans before the war.

I remember that the late Lord Lloyd, as chairman of the British Council (then our only propaganda agency and under his vigorous direction, a lively and virile one), was seriously concerned about the "dumping" of German governesses in such countries as Spain, Portugal and Italy. In between the wars the German General Staff set out to study the reasons for their defeat. After close analysis they came to the conclusion that one strongly contributory factor was the sense of humour of the British fighting man which carried him through moments of crisis. They solemnly set out, therefore, to "learn" a sense of humour. I believe that particular study was made of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's "Old Bill" cartoons. In the case of the famous one which showed the new arrival in the line looking at the large holes in the remains of a wall and saying to Old Bill, "Blimey, what made those?" (to which Old Bill replied: "Mice"), a solemn note had been appended: "This is an example of 'sense of humour.' The holes were not, of course, made by mice, but by shell fire." With equal Teutonic thoroughness in the

immediate pre-war years, the Germans were training nannies and governesses destined for each particular country and subsidising them so that they could offer their services at, shall we say, £1 a month, and thus price British governesses and nannies out of the market! Whether, of course, a child which had been subjected to a training by a good Nazi product of the Bund Deutscher Mädel would have grown up with an affection for all things German is, of course, quite another question.

AMONG the many Spanish visitors to this country has been Don Juan, the son of King Alfonso, whom the Spanish Monarchists regard as their legitimate King, and whom I first remember as a young sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy. It is a curious thing that at a time when the institution of monarchy is in eclipse there should be such a first-class crop of Pretenders, who have never sat on a throne. The outstanding of them all is probably the Archduke Otto, the claimant of the crowns of Austria and Hungary. He speaks some eight languages and took the equivalent of a first in law and in economics at Louvain, and has one of the clearest, tough yet resilient minds I have encountered. Just before the last American Presidential Election he gave me twenty minutes of a most brilliant word picture of the issues and personalities involved and the most accurate forecast of the result that I remember. It was a *tour de force*. Before the war it was always obvious that the only successful counterpoise to the rise of Pan-German-Hitlerism was the re-establishment of the Habsburg monarchy. Alas! every attempt broke down before the blindness of the late Dr. Benes, who could never see that the only alternative to the Prussians in Prague was the Habsburgs in Vienna, and who let it be known that the Czechs would mobilise if a restoration was attempted. The Czechs are a no doubt admirable but not very amiable race, and I remember Sir Charles Petrie telling me of an audience he had with the Archduke between the wars at his castle at Steenockerzeel, in Belgium. Sir Charles had said something to the effect that surely the main trouble was the Czechs believed that if the Archduke were restored he would wish to include the Czechs as part of his former dominions. This brought the explosive reply: "Czechs? Czechs? Good God, Sir Charles! Whoever *wanted* to rule Czechs?" H.I.H. certainly had something there!

I GATHER from Lynton Fletcher, the deputy chairman of the Authors' Club, that this well-known institution is making a drive for new members and that at the same time they are raising their subscription to fourteen guineas—which is still well below that of comparable West End clubs. I wish them every success. It would be a pity if this sixty-year-old Club, which has had among its past presidents Meredith and Thomas Hardy, were to go into a decline. It has been the scene of many notable literary occasions, including Oscar Wilde inveighing against the critics of Salome and the public recognition of the talents as an author of a young man called Winston Churchill. In the early days of the Club, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Jerome K. Jerome, Henry Harland, Arthur Symons, Cutliffe Hyne and Richard la Gallienne used to come to read their "Uncut Leaves," as they called their unpublished works. In spite of the fact that in these competitive days modern publishers might frown on the practice, the tradition of friendliness in the Authors' Club has persisted. It was *not* at the Authors' that a member, on asking a waiter whether any of his fellow members ever smiled, received the reply "There *have* been complaints, Sir."

I suppose that next to Cecil Orr, Lynton has the finest extant collection of Irishisms. When we were lunching recently he remarked that "in Ireland, praise be, time is irrelevant," and told me of the porter at Dun Laoghaire who, when asked why *none* of the three clocks was right, replied with devastating logic: "If one of them was right, what would be the use of the other two?" Lynton was recently returning from a visit to his home in County Wicklow and stayed at a hotel where the hot water system had broken down. They led him to a bathroom with a small bath and an enormous geyser. There they left him with a box of matches of some obscure foreign make. After twenty minutes of unavailing pyrotechnics he rang for the chambermaid, who said at once: "Well, now, the gas will light up when the water gets hot." Being sceptical, Lynton urged turning yet another tap as yet untried. After the explosion, and when the chambermaid had disappeared, Lynton was still unable to get his bath, as there was now nothing but boiling water, there being no cold tap.

That "H" has absolutely nothing to do with Television, I can assure you, Madam!

I MUST confess to being almost entirely on the side of the garlic-eaters in the recent correspondence on that subject in the *Daily Telegraph*. To my mind garlic (used with discretion, of course) is the foundation of good cooking. In the days when there were still such things as steaks, I remember Hugo Wortham advising me to leave a clove of garlic on each steak the night before cooking "to sigh over it," and, of course, a garlic clove rubbed round the salad bowl is the essence of a good salad. There seems to be little doubt, too, as to its prophylactic qualities. During the various mediæval and seventeenth-century outbreaks of plague, it was noted that the Italian quarters in the City were almost immune from the infection—a fact which is now put down to their addiction to garlic. (Naturally, I am not suggesting that the fact that our bankers, who work in Lombard Street to-day, are so aggressively hale and hearty is due to any taste for Continental cooking. Rather, one must put it down to the fact that they get other people to worry about overdrafts.) Garlic is also excellent for dogs. Before the war I regularly used to give my spaniels garlic-oil capsules. It was an operation which called for a certain amount of delicacy. Should the dog succeed in fooling you that he had swallowed it and then deposit the bitten capsule on the carpet the room became about as tenable as a crowded Neapolitan tram on a hot day.

A DIFFERENT form of controversy centres round the mixing of dry martinis. Opinions range from the appalling English hotel habit of equal measures of gin and vermouth to the extreme American view that you should swill a little vermouth round a mixer, throw it away, and replace it with iced gin. I liked two current stories on the subject. In the first an American visitor went into a famous West End hotel and gave the barman exact instructions as to how he liked a dry martini mixed, *i.e.*, seventeen measures of gin to one of Vermouth. The barman enquired whether he would like just a squeeze of lemon peel. "Say, listen, when I want a lemon squash I'll ask for it," was the indignant reply.

The other deals with a group of American officers who had been on a special course to fit them for occasions of extreme difficulty and danger. At the conclusion of the course the commanding officer said that as they went out they would each of them receive a sealed parcel which they were not to open except in moments of utter crisis. One young officer could hardly wait to get back to his quarters to have a look. He found that inside the parcel there was half-a-bottle of gin and a sixteenth bottle of vermouth, and another heavily sealed envelope. When he opened the letter he read: "You are in great danger, you are hopelessly lost, there is no one in sight to guide you, advise you or help you. Mix yourself a dry martini—and within two minutes some sonofabitch will come up and tell you how to make it properly."

"Wedging" is carried on in the yard by Sonia St. Leger: a hefty process of expelling air bubbles from clay by slapping it down again and again upon the sawn-off trunk of a tree which is the traditional, because steadiest, medium for this purpose.

David Rawnsley advises Nora Swinburne (Mrs. Esmond Knight) on her "throwing": one of the processes most attractive to addicts, and done on a potter's wheel, of which there are six at the pottery.

A NEW CHELSEA POTTERY

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

A vista of the pottery—pots, people and all. Left, foreground, is Mrs. Lloyd-Webber with Mr. and Mrs. David Rawnsley; *L. to r., background*, Mr. Guy Elmes, Mr. Esmond Knight, his wife, Miss Nora Swinburne, and Prince Leopold Loewenstein-Bertheim.

Mr. Barney Seale, the famous sculptor and painter in oils, whose figures of Johnson and Boswell have lately been accepted by the Queen, with Mr. David Rawnsley; they are standing in front of one of the three up-to-date electric kilns at the pottery.

Esmond Knight finishing off at the wheel, watched by Sonia St. Leger and Ivor Bowen, whose mother and young sister are also eager potters at Radnor Walk. Mr. Knight has a particularly delicate touch.

To most of us pottery is something one buys—but now it is possible to make one's own, to one's own particular fancy, at Mr. David Rawnsley's New Chelsea Pottery at 13, Radnor Walk. He is an architect and former leading Art Director, who is following up the success of his *Club des Ceramistes de Paris* in Montparnasse with a club of the same kind in London, where people of all kinds find it a relief to do something with their hands rather than with their poor old over-taxed minds. Pottery has not departed from the fundamental processes for thousands of years and can be very painlessly learned at this new "Academy"—home of handcarts in former days—where clay heaps up in drums and bins ready to "wedge," "throw" and "fire"; decorating and glaze firing are treats to follow.

Mr. Guy Elmes, film scenarist and co-author with Peter Proud of *The Planter's Wife*, which is to have its première at the Leicester Square Theatre on September 18, broods over some finishing touches to the decoration of a pretty bowl.

Some of the juvenile potters are being taught to model. *L. to r.*, Lady Delamere, a daughter of the late Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott; young Andrew Lloyd Webber between her and her daughter the Hon. Mrs. Garnett; Stephanie Meachor and Caron Rawnsley.

In a corner of the pottery Mrs. David Rawnsley examines a finished product with Mr. William Buchanan, her husband's partner. Her young son Caron, in the photograph on the left, who is already an eager potter, has an eighteen-month-old brother.

1. Victorian hypocrisy made Manners a reality here. *Serena* (Lynn Fontanne) has found a letter from her husband which she begins to read to her dearest confidante, Harriet (Joyce Carey); when she discovers that it discloses his decampment she gaily improvises.

2. "After them, James, and don't spare the horses," is the policy decided upon by the deceived halves of the fuming couples. This is one of the most splendidly angry moments for Axel—Mr. Alfred Lunt—who leads the cast with his brilliant wife (left).

5. Suddenly an English clergyman pops into the love-nest and all are disconcerted; Serena becomes maddeningly arch and claims to have met him on a train; he has in fact met Charlotte and Hubert at Boulogne and assumed they were the Marquess and Marchioness of Heronden—favourite Coward characters.

6. Housewives as we know them did not exist in the days when these ladies had leisure to spend most of the morning climbing into their frills and then discuss their usually unsatisfactory love-life in the drawing-room with each other. Here Charlotte and Serena mood and brood about their mutual husband and lover.

COWARD'S *QUADRILLE* OPENS IN LONDON

Noël Coward and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lunt—she is, of course, Lynn Fontanne—are all part of one of the gayest generations of our times and manage to keep vigorously going. Mr. Coward has written *Quadrille* specially for his dear old friends, and they open in it at the Phœnix Theatre next Friday (Sept. 12) when, with *Relative Values,*

3. Even the smoking-cap fails to reassure eloped Charlotte as she mopes in her gilded cage; she does not greatly care for the desperate move she has made and isn't at all sure that Hubert (Griffith Jones) is really the thing.

4. Serena, always splendidly on top (this is the part written for Lynn Fontanne), is inspired by her husband's lapse to make romance bloom again, and here she is, hard at it, with Hubert playing up well and the others sad in the background.

7. Serena and Harriet, splendidly satiated with dressmakers' appointments, get together to exchange jolly chat, into which is woven Harriet's information about Serena's husband's latest adventures: Harriet is a bit foxed by Serena's Coward-bred serenity, not knowing she has decided to leave her husband and elope.

8. A rather disparaging brief encounter in one of the favourite railway buffets, full of sad, smelly steam and the atmosphere of departure: in this, the final scene, it is Serena and Axel who make the eloping couple; the glum Coward child and other characters are purely Atmosphere and a pretty disapproving one.

it will be the second Noël Coward play running in London. Romance is launched in a railway buffet—one of Mr. Coward's favourite settings for Love—and the nineteenth century, also excessively beloved by the most twentieth-century of our playwrights, is dragged on to the stage in all its sordid glory. Manchester has had the first glimpse of this "period" treat, but London has not now long to wait before accompanying Mr. Coward and his admired performers on to a much-loved stamping ground of oldish-world "wickedness," as set by Cecil Beaton.

Photographed by Cecil Beaton.

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

The Hon. Laura Smith is a sister of the present Viscount Hambleden and elder daughter of the Viscountess Hambleden, Lady-in-Waiting to H.M. the Queen, in whose party from Windsor Miss Smith went to Royal Ascot this year. She lives in the country at The Manor House, Hambleden, near Henley-on-Thames; and in London at 99, Eaton Square.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

AUG. 20.—This year's monster procession of a thousand débutantes has now trooped by, and the Loch Ness Monster, not to be outdone, has given a glimpse of its own endless coils once more: only, unhappily, to a Mrs. Finlay and her thirteen-year-old son, who attempted, without success, to photograph it. This tantalising, rumoured glimpse adds to the excitement of John Cobb's projected speedboat dash upon the Loch, for which his *Crusader* is due to depart on August 22.

Much else is teeming in the north, including the Edinburgh Festival, opened and patronised by the Duke of Edinburgh, who was at the first night of *Fidelio* on August 18: the first performance given by the Hamburg State Opera and very successful. Among the copious important people there were many Ambassadors, Consuls and Ministers: Australian, Icelandic, Japanese and Yugoslavian among them.

AUG. 21.—A specially good day's racing at York, where the herbaceous borders were beaming most pleasantly against the red brick walls. Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall was there with his pretty wife, the former Miss Angela Jackson, to see his horse, *Blue Label*, win the first race; Lady Zia Wernher's *Chione* won the third and Lord Zetland's *Lord of Verona* the last.

Lord Derby was there, with his lovely wife who was Lady Isobel Milles-Lade, third sister of Lord Sondes: she was *very* smart in dark grey. Lord and Lady Irwin were there, too; she wore dark blue. M. and Mme. Boussac nipped over from Deauville in a private 'plane, on the first day, but made no more than second places with their horses during the meeting.

AUG. 23.—Mr. Frank Lund, who shoots the Ugthorpe Moor, in Yorkshire, Mr. Howard Lund and his son, Mr. Richard Lund, had an excellent day on Wintergill. Mr. Fenwick, an ex-pit-prop proprietor, was a guest; also Mr. and Mrs. Bob Chatty, attractive Mrs. Hare and Mr. Ian Macdonald, who owns thousands of sheep in Scotland and after shooting big-game for years is now devoting his "death-dealing" to the humbler but more edible grouse. There were five days without rain and no beaters or loaders peppered; the latter, of course, safe in the butts. Disease, alas, has attacked the moor of Bob Ansell; it is the heather which is directly affected, but, deprived of their essential diet, the poor birds have withered and shrunk.

There were some splendid poker hands in the evenings and words were almost as high as the delicious grouse the night Mrs. Chatty had a top full house, her husband a full house and Mr. Hare gaily swiped their joint stakes with fours.

A local golf dance led to a certain amount of "beefing" when all the lovelies were borne off by the crew of a Canadian cruiser

AUG. 21.—FIELD-MARSHAL AT A WEDDING. Famous Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck is on the right at the wedding of his niece, Miss Rosalind Baldwin, to Mr. Basil Warren, at St. Leonard's, in Sussex.

AUG. 25.—A MIXED RECEPTION! Lt.-Cdr. Sheridan Moseley, R.N., who is a staff officer at Camberley College, married Miss Ursula Preston at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, with a mixed guard of honour.

AUG. 27.—IMPORTANT AEROPLANE. (*Left*) Don Juan of Royalist Spain arriving at London Airport with his wife, having travelled on the same 'plane as Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden (*right*), who were returning from their honeymoon in Portugal.

AUG. 27.—HOT IN GREECE. Queen Frederika with Princess Sophia, her younger daughter, of Greece paid a heat-wave visit to the Northern Greek province of Thrace, where trouble between Greek and Bulgarian troops has brewed unpleasantly.

AUG. 28.—TO TEACH OUR GIRLS. This jolly, young Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald of Epping, Essex, is to become a house mistress at the famous girls' school, Christ's Hospital, Hertford.

AUG. 27.—KIND CORONET. Lady Darnley is trying on her Coronation regalia, watched by her son Adam Bligh (*left*), her daughter, Lady Melissa Bligh, beside him, and her great-niece, Sarah.

AUG. 28.—WINNING WITH MANE ON END. Miss D. Lawrence's smile was as gay as the mane of her mount, *King's Bay*, as they won their event at the Lavant Horse Show at Lavant House, near Chichester.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

AUG. 26.—Bali suggests the click-clock of heads and pagoda-shaped clothes; on this night barefooted dancers were busy trying to keep their toes out of the way of the many people who swarmed on to the stage at the jolly party following the first night of *Dancers of Bali* at the Winter Garden Theatre. For 2½ hours the audience had been transported to darkest Indonesia to see the strange dances and hear the even stranger music that is all part of Bali village life. Afterwards over 200 specially-invited guests so crowded the stage that those near the front must have been in danger of being jostled over the footlights.

The Indonesian Ambassador and Mme. Subandrio were getting about among the first-nighters, who included Lord Listowel, General Sir Ronald and Lady Adam, Lord Pethick-Lawrence and Sir Leigh Ashton, with his fashion-expert wife. Important diplomatic people, actors and actresses mingled with hungry journalists making the most of the delicious champagne, chicken *pâtés* and all.

Sir Malcolm Sargent, seal-sleek, was smiling benevolently with tiny Ni Gusti Raka, the fascinating thirteen-year-old prima ballerina; and Anak Agung Gde Mandera, the orchestra leader.

Foreign Ambassadors there included General Shanker Shumshere of Nepal, and his wife, the Ranee Shanker; Dr. Joseph Brilej and Mme. Brilej (Yugoslavia), and M. Ullrich and his wife (Czechoslovakia). The Philippinese Minister and Mme. Romero, and Mr. Krishna Menon, the former Indian High Commissioner, were also enjoying this Western-Eastern evening.

AUG. 27.—Salmon fishing, gloriously leisured occupation, has been slightly marred for its addicts by the presence, in their catches, of nasty bitten-out patches, the work of "louper dogs," apparently some sort of predatory fish which pursues its prey upstream in search of living snacks from the costly and glistening sides which infuriatingly depreciate in value as a result. Dolphins, also known as "leaper dogs," are said to be the culprits, and it is very annoying for fishermen, who are otherwise greatly enjoying the end of the Scottish fishing season.

Grouse shooting seethes on in the rugged north, where bags fill daily. At Alvie Mrs. A. B. Williamson's party got 106 brace with five guns in two days; splendid results are also reported from Dunachton (Colonel Prior), Invereshie (Major Abel Smith), South Drumochter (Brigadier Kewley), Phones (Lord Bearsted), Kinrara (Lord Bilsland) and Gaick (Colonel Hignett).

AUG. 29.—However silly the season people can't help coming of age, and it is lucky if there is somewhere in the north for celebrations to take place.

AUG. 28.—IN BOWLER AND SANDALS. Tiny Richenda Gillespie is the sceptical-looking, 3½-year-old recipient of a rosette from Mrs. D. C. Douglas at the Heath Riding School Pony Show and Gymkhana.

AUG. 29.—AMERICANS IN VENICE. Mr. J. C. Dunn, U.S.A. Ambassador to France, with his wife on the terrace of the Excelsior Hotel, Venice, when they were there for the annual Film Festival.

AUG. 29.—SCHOLASTIC YACHT RACING. These crew members in the Universities and schools yacht races off Clynder on the Gareloch are, *l. to r.*, Dorothy Bell (Hermitage School), Patricia Campbell, Morag Mackay, Fiona MacQuaker (all Laurel Bank School), Alastair McNicol (Hermitage), David Christie (Leys, Cambridge), and Fraser McGrier, of Hermitage.

AUG. 30.—AFTER A TUDOR BLESSING. Mr. Alan Dawe and Miss Margaret Goodman were married in the Chapel Royal at Hampton Court. Her grandfather was Superintendent of Works at the Palace.

There was a supper party and dance for the twenty-first birthday of Mr. George Iain Murray, heir to the Dukedom of Atholl, at Blair Castle, Blair Atholl, Perthshire. More than 600 guests enjoyed the treat, and fond tenants, employees and ex-employees made presentations to the young heir; also the Blair Atholl Branch of the Royal Scottish Dance Society.

Among people there were Lieut.-Colonel R. C. and Mrs. Campbell-Preston, Lord James Stewart Murray, the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, and Lord Cowdray.

AUG. 31.—If Shakespeare's conversation was anything like as good as his writing, the *Mermaid* of his day must have been well worth a special visit; at the new Mermaid Theatre in St. John's Wood there was a most successful first performance of *Dido and Æneas*, and the night was propitious for the drinking of Bordeaux wines in the floodlit garden which gives the whole delightful place a touch of a miniature Glyndebourne. The theatre is attached to the house of Bernard Miles, who plays an active organising part; Peter Daubeny, who was at this first night with his wife, is chief backer. Others enjoying the excellent performance, which had the supreme advantage of Kirsten Flagstad singing Dido, were Lady Davson, Sir John Maude—famous Q.C.—and Lady Maude; Lady Herbert, wife of our river-loving politician, and Mr. Robert Gore-Brown.

SEPT. 3.—The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme organised a sherry party to discuss arrangements for the world première (of which she is chairman) of *The Planter's Wife*, due at the Leicester Square Cinema on September 18. Queen Mary is Patron, Lady Chaplin deputy chairman, Mrs. C. Frankland Moore vice-chairman, R. D. C. Jenkins hon. treasurer, and Lady Beddoes-Rees organiser; there are many distinguished patrons and a huge committee, the whole thing in aid of the Delves House Trust Ltd., which provides much-needed homes for elderly women who have held professional jobs.

SEPT. 3.—*Sylvia* haunts mythology under several names: she is also known as *Illia* and *Rhea*; whoever she is, the motherhood of Romulus and Remus, those waifish twins who had to be suckled by a kindly wolf, is attributed to her. There is little hint of this unwelcome incident in her life in Frederick Ashton's new ballet, after which Margot Fonteyn pelted the clever choreographer with some of the red roses admirers had given her. People who helped to maintain the clapping for fifteen minutes included Lord and Lady Waverley, Mr. Harold Macmillan, Sir Willoughby and Lady Norrie, Sir Ulick and Lady Mary Alexander, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Mme. Lydia Kyasht, Mr. and Mrs. Ludovic Kennedy, Lord Esher, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Lady Keynes, Sir William Walton and his wife.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

AUG. 31.—A SCOOTER FOR SWEDEN? Queen Ingrid laughs while her husband, the King of Sweden, buys a lottery ticket for a scooter when the Swedish Royal Family were in Copenhagen.

SEPT. 2.—GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING DRESS ADAPTED. When Major Donald Cairns Macleod married Miss Daphne Vivien Nadin she was splendidly got-up in the heavy parchment satin of her grandmother's wedding dress.

SEPT. 2.—INSPECTING THE DARK LADY OF THE SOUND BARRIER. The Duke of Edinburgh bestowed a Royal blessing upon our splendid, new and excessively speedy aircraft. Here he is to be seen exploring the fuselage of our newest and most splendid effort, the Avro Delta-wing Fighter.

Photographed by Cecil Beaton.

A FARMING FAMILY

Mrs. Gerard D'Erlanger and her children—Robin, in buckled shoes, Penelope next and Mary on the right. The D'Erlangers have a flat in London besides their home and farm, Singleton Manor, in Kent, where they spend most of their time, all taking an active interest in farming. Mrs. D'Erlanger was Miss Gladys Sammut before her marriage.

This tableau represents a banquet given by James Audley to the Black Prince in 1356, before sailing to war in France. *L. to r.*, Mr. C. Dover as Lord Warwick ; Commander Kyrle-Pope being Lord Beauchamp and Miss Touchet-Jesson as the Dowager Lady Audley.

Another glimpse of the banquet given by James Audley for the Black Prince. *L. to r.*, Mrs. D. G. Betts as Lady Warwick, Miss M. Wilkins, demure as Lord Audley's daughter, and Mr. L. Evans as Lord Audley.

FROM CHAIN-MAIL TO KNEE BREECHES : A PAGEANT OF THE CENTURIES

At Hellens, Much Marcle, one of the oldest of England's historical houses and originally the home of the Audley family, there has been an historical pageant in aid of the church and church school. The house is now owned by Mrs. Axel Munthe, widow of the author of *The Story of San Michele*, and the interesting tableaux were arranged by her son and daughter-in-law, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Munthe. The centuries were ardently revived and among people taking part were some who are descendants of the characters represented, including Miss Anne Cotterell, who played the daughter of the Earl of Beauchamp and is the granddaughter of the present Earl, and Miss Gertrude Touchet-Jesson (aunt of the present Lord Audley).

Pretty the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Munthe was at the Black Prince Banquet tableau, wearing a golden and jewelled crown of the Audley family believed to be over 450 years old.

Leaping more than 300 years we come to a ball given in honour of the accession of William and Mary : distinguished guests are represented by Lady Biddulph and Captain John Finnis.

Back to full-bottomed wigs, fans and panniers. *L. to r.*, Mr. Martin Romilly, Mrs. John Finnis, Miss Anne Salter and Mr. Norman Powell : the accession of William and Mary is being celebrated in satin and jewels.

Running before the wind are R.N. 60, sailed by Mid. (S) R. Scott-Hughes, R.N.V.R. (Portsmouth), Coder Fisk in R.N. 6 (Nore) and Lieut.-Commander J. O. Coote, R.N., and Lieut. (E) Walker, R.N. (Scotland), in R.N. 62.

INTER-COMMAND DINGHY RACING AT PORTSMOUTH

Twenty boats representing Portsmouth, Plymouth, Nore, Scottish and Home Air Commands, competed for the Inter-Command Dinghy Race organised by the Royal Naval Sailing Association at the Royal Albert Yacht Club on August 28 and 29. This is the first time that the race has been sailed by representatives of the entire Navy at Home. Portsmouth were the winners, with Devonport second and Chatham third. After the third and last race on the Friday, competitors had a jolly supper at the Nuffield Club.

Bearded winner Lieut.-Commander S. Brooks, captain of the victorious Portsmouth team which gained 174 points, receives the R.N.S.A. trophy from Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power.

Members of the winning Portsmouth team received tankards. (*L. to r.*) Chief Shipt. Flux, S.A. Tunstall, L.S.A. Lawrence, Mid. (S) R. Scott-Hughes, R.N.V.R., Lieut.-Commander S. S. Brooks, D.S.C., R.N., Lieut. W. A. C. Reynolds, R.N., Lieut. J. M. W. Morgan, R.N., and Lieut.-Commander (L) S. A. Potter, R.N.

Mrs. D. F. Furlong, Miss Ann Mayhew, Mr. J. D. Arthur, R.M., and Major D. F. Furlong, R.M., bear out the fact that the British, whatever the occasion, must have tea.

From the depths of the dinghy, S.A. Tunstall looks up anxiously at the sail, while L.S.A. Lawrence takes a firm grip on the tiller. Both men belong to H.M.S. *Dolphin.*

Ruminating in the sun were Commander (E) Harris, R.N. (Air) (*left*), Major Furlong, R.M. (Nore) (*centre*), and Mr. Arthur, R.M. (Nore).

Lieut. (S) M. K. Burley, R.N., and his crew, Cadet P. Neeves, R.N. (*right*), who sailed for Home Air Command.

Mrs. Corsby Trench (*left*) and Mrs. H. G. Bruce talking with Lieut. W. A. C. Reynolds, R.N., who won the final race for Portsmouth.

These jaunty little woolly caps were sported by Lieut. (L) K. F. Edmeads, R.N., and Lieut. (L) K. S. Wilson, R.N., (both Home Air Command), who made sure of keeping chilly breezes off their heads.

L. to r.: Captain Wight-Boycott, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., chairman of Portsmouth R.N.S.A., Major-General V. D. Thomas, Commodore of R.N.S.A., and Captain W. J. Munn, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N., who is Branch Captain of Portsmouth R.N.S.A.

Sven Berlin is one of the members of the St. Ives colony; before settling to sculpting he had been a painter, writer, soldier and acrobatic dancer.

Marion Hocken, who has been painting since she was four, is now surrounded with works which have been exhibited all over the country. She is a founder member of the Penwith Art Society.

Barbara Hepworth, the famous abstract sc[...] sitting by a new work in blue marble and [...] be exhibiting in Lo[...]

The studio of Faust Lang and his son Wharton Lang is called *Fauna*; in it they carve the animals, birds and people with which they are surrounded: carthorses the size of cormorants compete with miniature skating ladies.

The work of Mizone Peile, who is here picturesquely posed on a bar stool, has been much exhibited.

Bouquets for Isobel Heath, who successfully works away at flower painting at St. Ives; too few people continue to immortalise these always popular pots and posies.

ARTIST SE[...]

ST.[...]

Particular bits of the Brit[...] been traditionally associa[...] traditionally, tremendous [...] born in the country, are [...] cities; their approach to [...] bound to outdo the rugged[...]

Here we show a few of [...] their careers at St. Ives, w[...] favourite places, and, as a[...] Whistler and Walter Sick[...] local fishermen resented [...] and used to threaten duck[...] their attitude and they are [...]

The Penwith Art Society [...] exhibition at the Penwith Ga[...]

Guido Morris is a poet as well as a printer, and on his own hand press he records the writings of his fellow creators—including works in Latin and Hebrew. For the followers at St. Ives Art is the sole consideration.

Philip Maurice Hill, here in his studio, is hon. sec. of the Society of Marine Artists. He has made a new translation of Sappho, which is being printed by Guido Morris.

ptor, in her garden studio at St. Ives. She is rought-iron called *Form in Tension*, which she will don later this year.

The Big Cats menace in a cosy way and the lady rivals her proud steed for daintiness in these paintings by Hilda Jillard, seen at work in her crowded studio. She is a sculptor as well as a painter, and originally came from Godalming.

TTLERS AT IVES

h Isles have, for some time, l with artists, who are, also ers of nature. Artists, even if ually "processed" in the big gged coastal places is therefore ess of the inhabitants.

e artists strenuously pursuing h has always been one of their rtists' colony, was founded by t in 1880. In those days the e artists working on Sundays ings, but time has tempered ow all good friends.

is already planning its spring allery, St. Ives.

Artist Juanita is the daughter of a matador and a Romany gypsy. Here she is on *Georgio*, a former circus horse.

St. Ives has a melting-pot for artist-students here seen at the Leonard Fuller School taking his word for it from Mr. Fuller himself (standing in the background).

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By Louis T. Stanley

The International Horse Show

IT is amazing how in this mechanised age of Delta-shaped, jet-inspired machines the horse more than holds its own in popular appeal. If you have doubts, then go to the International Horse Show at the White City. You exchange the hubbub of city streets for the spirit of the stable, the enthusiasm of the shires, and the thrills of Aintree. Gone is blasé sophistication. Here you are in an atmosphere of fetlocks, nuzzling muzzles, riding breeches and wisps of straw. Spectators are more than casual onlookers. They talk about horses. Many look like horses. Some own horses. Conversation is knowledgeable, outlook single-minded. This year was no exception, in spite of shocking weather on the first two days and the absence of the Royal family.

Looking back, four mental impressions linger . . . that almost legendary combination of man and beast, Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn on *Foxhunter* . . . the slight figure of Miss Pat Smythe, the first woman ever to be chosen for an official British team in a full-dress international event. Her ice-cold confidence made possible the new British team record of four successive wins in the Prince of Wales Cup . . . *Mighty Atom's* third success in the White City Championship . . . and the delightful reaction of Signor Figueroa when he won the coveted King George V. Cup. He embraced his chestnut, *Gracieux*, with all the fervour of an Ava Gardner–James Mason close-up. We were left in no doubt that it was a shared honour.

The Barnes Controversy

I am glad to see that at long last the Barnes controversy has received the airing it deserved. The case was in the main an Australian domestic affair, yet it was not without interest to us in this country. In the light of the evidence produced in the libel action in Sydney, certain of our officials appear to have acted in a somewhat high-handed fashion. Never have I known such puerile charges. Keith Johnson, the Australian team manager in Britain in 1948, maintained that the exclusion of Barnes from Test cricket last season was due to the following four reasons:

He jumped the turnstile at the Melbourne Test in 1947.

His reluctance to travel with the team in England in 1948, when he twice applied unsuccessfully for permission to travel separately.

His taking cine-camera films at Lord's cricket ground without permission and elsewhere for exhibition.

His taking the team's twelfth man, E. R. Toshack, to play tennis 300 yards from the ground where Toshack was needed.

To think that adult men in official capacity can seriously put forward such complaints as justifying the treatment meted out to Sidney Barnes is ridiculous. On the face of such evidence, the verdict was obvious and welcome. It is disturbing, however, to see the inference of the part played by the M.C.C. In one sense I am not surprised. Barnes is a colourful individual with a flair for showmanship that goes against the grain of certain temperaments. The M.C.C. is a worthy institution that discharges its duties in dignified, if perhaps somewhat self-conscious fashion. Barnes is something new to the official outlook. He certainly would not command a unanimous approval-vote. One England captain told me quite recently how he would handle the Barnes incident. I can only say that he must view the Sydney District Court finding with the utmost disfavour. If he had his wish I doubt whether we should again see Barnes in a cricketing capacity in this country.

On the other hand, another England captain told me how much he admired the little fellow's cheek and general outlook on life. He pointed out that Barnes may be a rough-neck, but he was a warm-hearted, generous individual, and gave several instances, known only to a few, of this aspect of the Australian's make-up. I am certain that such an evaluation is correct. There is too much of a tendency to treat cricket as a solemn ritual. Even those who watch take themselves seriously. Bill Mallalieu, the Member for Huddersfield and a fanatical Yorkshire supporter, took me to task a few weeks ago because I referred to cricket spectators as fans instead of devotees. I know what he meant, but I find such an approach somewhat precious and unreal.

Cricket is only a game. Its true setting is the robust atmosphere of the village green. There was nothing solemn about the Hambledonian days, nor is it a sacramental act when the locals walk to the middle of the field with a bucket of whitewash and brushes, and proceed to mark out the pitch. In the week-time it is just a field. On Saturday afternoon it becomes a cricket pitch. Sidney Barnes is in the stream of Broad-Halfpenny-Down tradition. In village cricket you expect to see an individual with knobbly muscles and spider legs who tallies with the description of Tom Walker and another as stout as a cob who might be Noah Mann. Barnes is made in the same mould, only he performs at Sydney, Lord's, Melbourne and Old Trafford. If he wanted to use his camera at Lord's, why should he be stopped? The place is not consecrated. The fact that his efforts in this direction enabled him to raise over £7,000 for charities and institutions when he returned to Australia is significant, but immaterial to the principle. Had he only wanted snaps for his personal scrapbook, there was no reason to adopt a high-handed restraining attitude. The fact that he ignored such dictatorial orders merits congratulation rather than censure. I hope that he makes a reappearance at Lord's in 1953. With the possible exception of Stuart Surridge, the Surrey skipper, no man fields so brilliantly or so courageously at short-leg. Full-blooded hooks or leg-hits that would decapitate anyone else in such a suicidal position, are fielded in contemptuously cool fashion. Incidentally, I shall be interested to see if the name of Keith Ormonde Johnson appears again as a touring manager.

Tulyar (Tehran—Neocracy), with C. Smirke up, winner of the 1952 Derby, and the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, is owned by the Aga Khan and trained by M. Marsh at Newmarket. He will race in that most exciting of stamina tests, the St. Leger, at Doncaster on Saturday (September 13).

The Classic of the North

It is always foolish to predict the winner of a horse-race in print. To attempt it in the case of the Lincolnshire Handicap or the Grand National is little short of stupidity. The St. Leger is slightly different. At this stage of the season assessments can be made in the light of that evasive quality known as "form." A few hours before writing these notes I spent an evening with Ryan Jarvis in Newmarket. There seemed to be no doubt in that household. All were confident, including one of our leading jockeys, that *Tulyar* will be first past the winning-post. If that does happen, then a unique three-year-old career will receive its true reward. The prominence given to a St. Leger victory is not over-exaggerated. It is the most exacting of stamina tests. The results are so often surprising. It is always dangerous to rely on statistic-signposts, but the tendency is for winners of the Two Thousand Guineas to fail in the Derby, and Derby winners to fade out in the St. Leger. The records show that during the twenty years between 1919 and 1939 only five Derby winners succeeded in winning the St. Leger. From 1901 to 1914 *Rock Sand* was the only Derby winner to win at Doncaster. For the benefit of those who can deduce volumes out of a few figures, I find that eleven Derby winners won the St. Leger from 1881 to 1900. There must be some explanation why horses of that period appeared to have more stamina than those of a later generation.

One thing is certain. The setting for the St. Leger will be the same. The winding trek from Doncaster to the Town Moor. The last of the classics and the only one run in the North attracts a cosmopolitan crowd. You find a cross-section of humanity . . . pitmen, clerks, factory hands, housewives . . . all appreciative of the finer points of a thoroughbred horse. I always come away from Doncaster with the impression that man for man the Northerner is a more shrewd judge of horse-flesh than his opposite number in the South. He is certainly more serious. There is nothing of the picnic atmosphere of Epsom. The majority of people link Doncaster in racing terms with the St. Leger. To some the race comes second in importance to the Yearling Sales, particularly the auction of Sledmere Stud bloodstock. To the casual racing man the name of Sledmere means nothing, yet the records of the British thoroughbred owe much to this Yorkshire stud. The paddocks and pastures in the Yorkshire wolds, Sledmere House flanked by trees, and the inspiration of Sir Tatton Sykes contributed much to the Turf. Tatton Sykes was a traditional English country squire. He was over ninety years of age when he died in 1863. His enthusiasm for the St. Leger was remarkable. Apart from 1839, he had seen every St. Leger from the age of fourteen up to his ninetieth year. His pioneering zeal is perpetuated every time a dainty-stepping Sledmere yearling of the highest lineage steps into the ring.

Photographed by Baron.

MRS. CHRISTIAN DE LISLE
with *WHIM*

Mrs. Christian de Lisle, wife of Major Christian de Lisle, 11th Hussars, has a son, David, born in 1945, and a daughter, Vanessa, born in 1947. This photograph was taken at the home of the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, mother of Mrs. de Lisle and sister of Lord Bellew. Major de Lisle is the only son of General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle. *Whim*, plainly a gay dog, is liked by the whole family.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Bleak House

(*Ambassadors*)

IN the old days an actor called "Walter Plinge"—of whom we hear relatively little now—used to make a gallant show in the theatre programmes, especially at a Shakespearean revival. But the useful Plinge ("Is old Double dead?" as someone has remarked of him) would rarely appear as more than three characters in a night. Emlyn Williams, at the Ambassadors, now presents thirty-five. Thirty-six if we add Charles Dickens, for this is a "reading" of *Bleak House* in the Dickens manner, with the Dickens forked beard, generanium, gloves and reading-desk.

We are accustomed to Mr. Williams's virtuosity. Did we not hear his first Dickens programme last winter? But now he goes further: he takes an entire novel, pares it to one-twenty-fifth of its length, and with it fills an evening. It is an astonishing flourish of memory, but that is the least of the wonders. The main point is that Emlyn Williams re-creates. He does not merely flick at the strange gallery of *Bleak House*. He establishes its people for us in the round. If we have any imagination at all, we leave the Ambassadors Theatre on terms with everyone between the pathetic, flitting "suppliant," Miss Flite, who is twitched in at the beginning of the story and vanishes for good, to the Turveydrops, father and son (but particularly the father, "model of deportment"), and to Mr. Weevle, Mr. Guppy's friend, who was at hand during the spontaneous combustion of old Krook, the shopkeeper: "Spontaneous Combustion," says Dickens, "and none other of the deaths that can be died."

This fantastic horror ("and the burning smell is there—and the soot is there, and the oil is there, and he is not there!") is, somehow, made credible by Emlyn Williams. But then it is in his power to make all of *Bleak House* credible. He may give too much of the Dedlock melodrama. Still, he has tried to present the book as a coherent whole, not merely as a parade of character. The fact that we do forget the plot and remember the characters is the novelist's matter entirely. How could he bother about Chesney Wold when he had such folk to deal with as Mr. Snagsby (for whom Emlyn Williams finds the ghost of a cough); Chadband, bathed in oil; Mrs. Jellyby, with her mind in Africa; the battering-ram, Mrs. Pardiggle; and (almost my favourites, I think) the Bayham Badgers? Mrs. Bayham Badger, you recall, was first Mrs. Swosser, and then Mrs. Dingo. And Jo is in the picture also: Jo, the crossing-sweeper. Emlyn Williams proves again that he can cope with Dickensian sentiment; that he can bring from it something infinitely touching and real.

This is an extraordinary evening, and I use the epithet without hesitation. With his intense, smouldering eyes, his concentration, and his vocal resource, Emlyn Williams does indeed raise for us the foggy, sinister London of the novel. My edition of *Bleak House* has 928 pages. The actor ends upon page 702 ("For Mr. Tulkinghorn's time is over for evermore"). Some may find the ending abrupt, but I hold that it is effective in the theatre, and that all has been said. Or nearly all, for we miss the Smallweeds, we have only glanced at Harold Skimpole and touched on Turveydrop. Who can complain? The book had to be slashed, and it was fortunate that such an artist as Emlyn Williams used the knife. At the close he bows to the reading-desk, a gesture that, personally, I find both in the spirit of the evening and (though some of my colleagues disagree) oddly moving. I hope nobody yet a stranger to the Williams Plan will be warned off by memories of the reciters of his youth. This *Bleak House* is life itself—as Dickens saw it, and as a superb actor interprets it anew.

The Player King

(*Edinburgh Festival*)

DURING the year 1893 Lord Alfred Douglas, in one of the best of his poems, a ballad, wrote:

And I sailed to Ireland and to France,
And I sailed to fair Scotland,
And had much honour and pleasaunce
And Katherine Gordon's hand.

The speaker is Perkin Warbeck; and Warbeck is the "Player King" of whom Christopher Hassall writes in a new chronicle play that has begun its life in Edinburgh. I write about it now because I hope that its life has not ended: its first and third acts took the mind strongly in performance, and it would be a pity if so much craft and so much luminous verse were to be lost. Unluckily, Hassall uses traditional measures—I say "unluckily" because a poet who uses them to-day is immediately suspect. I am grateful still for an evening that pleased the ear, and for the sensitive speaking of Tony Britton as Warbeck and—in a smaller part—Cathleen Nesbitt as the Duchess of Burgundy. In this play the Duchess is represented as the Pretender's mother, with the Bishop of Cambrai as his father. But Warbeck, unknowing, goes to his adventure claiming to be Richard of York, and believing himself to be the son of a Flemish ferryman.

Admittedly this young man is not a strong hero for a play; but it is a romantic chronicle, no more, and the author can expect us to meet him half-way at least, and to share with him in his make-believe. The first act has genuine glow, especially the speech in which Warbeck, addressing the audience directly, describes the imagined murder of Edward of York in the Tower. The third act, also, has an exciting quality: I remember from it the passage for the hunted Perkin and for Milton Rosmer as the silvery Abbot of Beaulieu. It is the second act that drags and stumbles. Perkin at the Scottish Court is not the man he was in Flanders, and will be in England.

No doubt by the time the piece reaches London (I am hopeful), Mr. Hassall will have pulled this act together. He has reason to thank all of his cast; and I have not yet mentioned Heather Stannard as Lady Katherine, or Noel Howlett in a tinkling-ice performance of that inflexible, subtle monarch, Henry the Seventh, a figure not overdone in the theatre (he is Kipling's dark, long-nosed man with the fur cap and the cold eye). Norman Marshall has produced with art, but I cannot say that Anthony Holland's sets are particularly summoning. More could be done here.

Affairs Of State

(*Cambridge*)

The affairs of state (and of love) are American. The author is French, Louis Verneuil; and the company is English. It sounds an alarming medley; but it is in fact a bland, pleasant evening in the theatre. Everything turns upon a marriage of convenience; the plot is handled with gentle guile, and the dialogue has an easy glossiness. What really counts is the acting. We may not recall the comedy itself for more than a few hours after leaving the Cambridge. It is, though, easy to bring to mind the nodding, shrewd wisdom of Wilfrid Hyde White, with the perpetual smile on his lips, and the voice almost toneless, yet able to cover many shades of meaning. There are, too, the poise and glitter of Coral Browne and the impish resource of Joyce Redman. Hugh Williams moves about discreetly, and Austin Trevor looks in as an impressionable Secretary of State. By no means an important evening, but a cheerful excursion in theatrics, and one that, mercifully, never pretends to be anything more.

Present and Future

There is no need to say more, at this stage, about *Quadrille*, by Noël Coward, which will open, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, at the Phœnix on Friday (September 12); or about *Romeo and Juliet* which, with Claire Bloom and Alan Badel, begins at the Old Vic (Hugh Hunt's production) on Monday, September 15. Where next? Well, put down *The Trouble-Makers*, by a young American author, George Bellak: première at the Strand on September 16. This is an "anti-witch-hunt" play, set in an American University town, and alternating in scene between the parlour of a hard-working Irish-American family and the dormitory of the University itself. Gene Lyons leads the cast, with such notable players to aid him as Joseph Tomelty, Thora Hird and Mary Laura Wood: the author, we are told, makes no attempt to sermonise or to moralise.

CHANGE HERE

A change of cast in an important part often gives fresh impetus to a successful play. Celia Johnson is now following Peggy Ashcroft for a month in *The Deep Blue Sea* (Duchess), while Miss Ashcroft is on holiday. And, from October 6, there will be a double and permanent change at the St. James's, where Alexander Knox and Constance Cummings succeed Michael Redgrave and Googie Withers in *Winter Journey*. Incidentally, Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft, with Marius Goring, are to lead the Stratford-upon-Avon company next year. *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear* are among the productions.

MANY VENTURES

Nobody can say that Jack Hylton is not a versatile manager. His plans for the autumn and winter include two "mystery thrillers"—a type of play in favour again — an American musical comedy, a new Crazy Gang revue, and the Earl's Court circus. Florence Desmond and Anthony Ireland are appearing in one of the plays, *Eve's Apples*. The American musical comedy is *Paint Your Wagon*, by the collaborators (Alan Jay Lerner as librettist and Frederick Loewe as composer) responsible for *Brigadoon*. And it is the Chipperfield Circus that is due at Earl's Court for five weeks at Christmas.

LAND'S END

The scene of *Sweet Peril*, by Mary Orr and her husband Reginald Denham, which begins a short pre-London tour at the end of October, is a fifteenth-century cottage near Land's End. A husband and wife with literary aspirations live there. They are to be played by Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray, and the comedy is about the sudden impact of an American publisher and his wife. Norman Marshall produces.

GETTING AROUND

Hermione Baddeley is to appear (in *Pagan in the Parlour*, by Franklyn Lacy) as a Polynesian native who surprises a decorous home in an American seaport during the 'eighties: Anthony Vivian presents the piece. . . . The second play at the Old Vic this season is to be *An Italian Straw Hat*, Labiche's famous farce, in the Thomas Walton version. . . . Maurice Evans is to act in *Dial "M" for Murder* this autumn in New York. . . . *Abraham Lincoln* will be revived at the Birmingham Repertory on September 30.

MOULIN ROUGE

The great red windmill whirls in gay Paris and John Huston's production of *Moulin Rouge* is based on the brilliant paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec, a deformed aristocratic Frenchman who had a splendid head and shoulders and scarcely any legs. Defensive about his appearance, he chose for friends the *poules* jockeys and (equivalent) spivs of the Paris underworld, which itself evokes nostalgic images of vice, always so attractive to the virtuous: and *goodness* (*!*) how wicked people were in those days. *Top left* we glimpse some toffs in eyeglasses agog at the gay show; beside them whirls old Madame Fifi in her prime: Walter Crisham lurks among the splendidly decadent characters at romp in those gay old days when Victorian gentlemen were notoriously on the prowl. High kicks all round went with the fluffy, whirling skirts and the grand old gals indulged in hats suitable to their calling. Our photographs were taken during the filming of *Moulin Rouge* at Shepperton Studios.

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

" They 're all the same."

This remark, of staggering profundity, was made by a small boy, to his companion—an even smaller one—while following us in the queue which was slowly circulating through Television Avenue at this year's National Radio Show.

Alas, this young man is never likely to make a Senior Wrangler, for his astonishment was directed towards the fact that the over eighty television sets, working simultaneously and side by side, were all showing the same programme—an O.B. of a cricket match !

But we are grateful to him, all the same, for he gave us the clue to the modern television set. They *are* all the same—well, as near as dammit. True, some screens were large, others small; there were direct-vision sets and projection sets, doing it all with mirrors; some were cheap, others hideously expensive. But they were the same inasmuch as they all gave an excellent picture—and that, surely, is the basic function of any television set, humble or glossy. Of course, there must be other differences, otherwise the large divergence of prices could only be explained by the difference in the quality of the cabinet work which surrounds "the works." And that would be criminal. But to find those differences you would have to be very technically-minded indeed, which the average viewer is not. He just wants an instrument he can switch on and leave on with the minimum of adjustment. The modern television set, it seems, will allow him to do just that.

So there is no reason why the intending buyer should not take full advantage of the downward trend in prices. Get a set "costly as thy purse can buy," by all means, but don't feel nervous if you can only stretch to a cheap one. Our own—which, contrary to popular belief, we had to buy—is nearly the cheapest we could find at the time. And it has done us proud for over two-and-a-half years, until last week, when it blew a valve.

We consider this year's reduction in prices as a most important step. Not because it promotes sales, but because television has become so much more than a form of entertainment. It is a social revolution—as we have pointed out before. In fact, it is steadily becoming a new way of life and no one can claim to be fully contemporary without its service.

In the prevailing sameness which characterised the Radio Show, there was little else to comment upon. Except one item; and that was the television telephone which Pye were demonstrating.

You may remember that many months ago we forecast that, one day, sound-only telephones will be a thing of the past. Here is the beginning. We tried it out ourself and had a chat with a most charming young lady at the other end of the hall. The effect was quite startling. Though we had never met, the fact that we could not only hear each other, but also see each other and gauge the reaction of our remarks upon the other, brought about an immediate personal contact.

It is merely irritating when people cavil at this development and say that in future a man will not be able to tell his wife that he is detained at the office, while in point of fact he is balancing a blonde on his knee. The telephone has other uses than for telling lies. Think of the man who tries to keep in touch with his family while he is away, or the business man who makes a deal with another. To be able to *see* will be a major boon, and if it stops people telling lies (which we doubt) so much the better.

Another very interesting feature was the huge television studio, complete with scenery-dock, dressing-rooms and administrative offices, which was whipped up for the Radio Show. This temporary affair was almost as fully equipped as Alexandra Palace used to be. Yet in the hands of the Radio Industries Council, it took only a matter of days to build. Left by themselves, the B.B.C. took almost as many months to adapt Lime Grove film studios for television use. No doubt there is an excuse.

But what the excuse was for choosing *Top Hat Rendezvous* for the first of the programmes to come from this studio, we hesitate to guess. No doubt *Top Hat Rendezvous* commands staggering viewing figures, but it comes nowhere near to representing television at its best. In this case it was a show that we hope to forget. Unlike some, we did not find Johnny Lockwood, with his passion for throwing himself earthwards, amusing. On the other hand, it would be unfair not to give him credit for the warm and generous way he introduced the other turns, best of whom was Nat Jackley, and his accompanying gang of lunatics. Carl Brisson we found not a little embarrassing.

For the rest, the *contretemps* with our set has somewhat restricted our viewing. But we were lucky enough to catch Margaret Johnston's exquisite performance in Dodie Smith's *Autumn Crocus*. Fanny is a lovely part to play with a gratifying range of emotion, but not as lovely and gratifying as Miss Johnston made it. Opposite her, Anton Diffring as the romantic innkeeper had almost equal opportunities, almost equally well taken. At any rate, he spoke German with a genuine Tyrolean accent. There was a beautiful production by Harold Clayton and some very pleasant Schumann singing by Frederick Schiller.

Which brings us to music and a short programme which preceded the following Sunday's play. We refer to the O.B. which came from the Usher Hall during the Edinburgh Festival. In it Joseph Szigetti (violin), William Primrose (viola), Pierre Fournier ('cello) and Clifford Curzon (piano) played the Mozart Piano Quartet in E flat. This programme, which was not only a model of immaculate playing on the part of the artists, might well be taken as a model for the presentation of such performances. There mercifully was no attempt to "interpret" the music visually. The players were left to do that more than adequately by an appeal to the ear—which is what music is supposed to do.

The play, by the way, was a new one by Mabel Constanduros called *The Portugal Lady*, and produced by W. P. Rilla. We suspect the story of Charles II.'s treatment of his Queen, as told by Miss Constanduros, to be as apocryphal as the dialogue was anachronistic. However, the evening passed very pleasantly if without distinction.

Nat Jackley (reversing arms in a somewhat unorthodox manner) provided the highlight in the *Top Hat Rendezvous* programme, which came from the special studio at The Radio Show. With him are Sammy Curtis, Dennis Murray and William Thompson.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

The new Saturday night serial will be a selection of six of Laurence Housman's playlets about Queen Victoria, under the general heading of *Happy and Glorious*. The selection has been made by Desmond Davis, who will also produce the whole series. Queen Victoria is to be played by Renée Asherson. Commencing date: September 13.

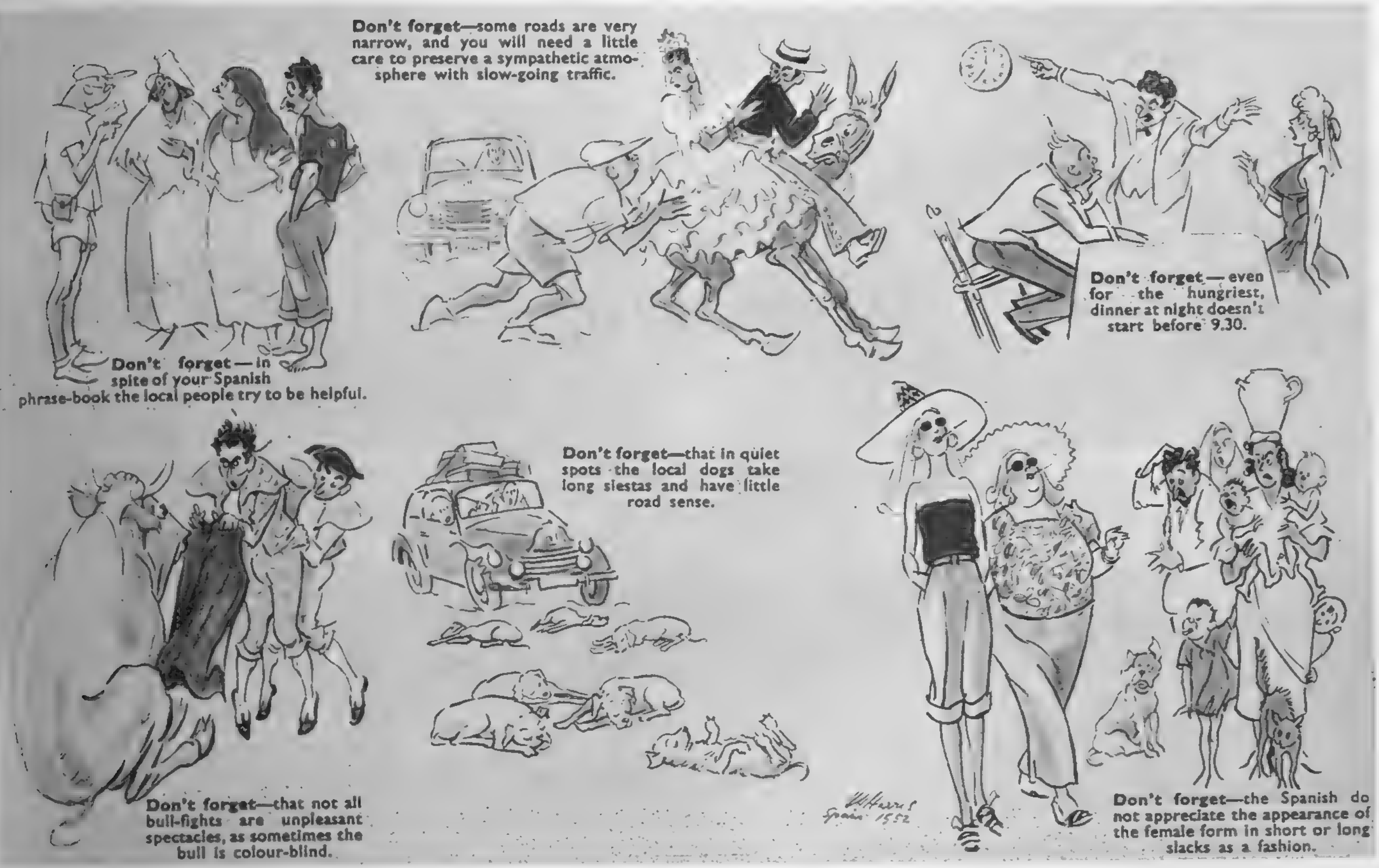
On the following evening three short plays by Benn Levy are on the schedule, with somewhat stellar casts. They are *The Truth About the Truth*, with Joan Greenwood, Hugh Burden and Muriel Aked; *The Island of Cipango*, with Jean Kent, Norman Wooland and Reginald Purdell; and *The Great Healer*, with Anne Crawford, Vida Hope, Geoffrey Sumner and Hilda Barry. Dennis Vance is producing all three plays, with Desmond Hawkins acting as associate producer. The first two only will be repeated on the Thursday (September 18).

September 14 will be further distinguished by a programme in which Emlyn Williams will be discussing *The Humour of Dickens* with Wyndham Goldie. The pictorial side of the subject will be demonstrated by Low, Horner and Ardizzone.

Christian Simpson, the King of the Exotic, will be introducing the Indian flavour, on September 19, when he presents the *New Indian Ballet*. This features two leading dancers, Shirin Vajifdar and Krishna Kutty, and a supporting company. The choreography by Vajifdar and Kutty, we understand, is completely authentic, with no attempt to placate the Western palate.

Towards the end of the period there is to be a gentle Spanish domestic comedy, *A Hundred Years Old*, by a selection of the prolific Quintero family. Douglas Allen, who scored such a startling success with *Mystery Story*, will be producing, and in the cast are Toke Townley, Mary Hinton, J. H. Roberts and David Oxley. Dates: September 21 and 25.

Finally, stretching the B.B.C.'s well-known delicacy of feeling to its utmost, they are to do Norman MacOwan's *The Infinite Shoeblack*, produced by Michael Barry and directed by Peter Coates. In the leads, Yvonne Mitchell, Mary Merrall and Robert Brown. So be prepared to be slightly shocked on September 23.



A few "don't forgets" for that cheap autumn holiday in Spain.

HOLIDAY IN SPAIN

Bathing beauties of the lovely Spanish beaches, where life smiles under the light of a perennial sun.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Brave Don't Cry

(Now generally released)

A small British company known as Group 3 have just made a film of which we can be very proud. Its title is *The Brave Don't Cry*, and it is based on the true story of a Scottish mining disaster of a couple of years ago. With strong, realistic strokes, with documented detail, without sentiment or sensationalism, but with deep humanity, it gives us the full picture of what must have happened, in the workings and at the pithead, during the two terrible days of suspense before the "back-shift," caught between fire-damp and a flooded pitshaft, could be rescued. We almost feel that we were there.

The acting, mainly by members of the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, can scarcely be faulted at any point. There are no histrionics among these people, most of whom are unfamiliar to us, but, with a wonderfully sure touch, they have got under the skin of the trapped men waiting down below, the heavy-eyed rescuers at the pithead, and the silent women watching the dark entry for some sign that their husbands and sons and fathers are alive.

If *The Brave Don't Cry* has a star, it is presumably John Gregson, the young player whom we saw as the Scots pilot in *Angels One Five*. Mr. Gregson's style has come on a lot since then. He makes a very good thing indeed of the ex-miner, now an official of the Coal Board, who deliberately goes down into the workings to join the trapped men, so that he can time and explain the use of the rescue apparatus. The part is a strong one; not showy, but needing sensibility and intelligence; and Mr. Gregson manages it with a quiet authority that promises great things for his film career.

Dreamboat

(Odeon, Marble Arch)

Dreamboat is a skit on American television, which doesn't manage to conceal, behind its badinage, Hollywood's very real and growing fear of the new entertainment.

The idea is neat enough. A sponsored TV programme decides to run, with sub-titles and commercials, a series of antique films featuring two Great Lovers of the silent screen. The series is a frantic nation-wide success. The lady in the case, now a somewhat fading night-club singer, is delighted by her new publicity. The gentleman, however, is furious. He has become, in the course of years, a highly-respected college professor. His job is endangered, and his dignity impaired, by the regular transmission of these "Dreamboat" films, in which the burning passion of a Valentino and the dashing escapades of a Fairbanks are combined to advertise Exotic Perfumes, the scent no lover can resist.

The Professor takes the first train to New York, with the purpose of lodging an injunction. The night-club singer is ready for him in the sponsor's office, and the legal fight between the pair—which the Professor wins hands down—provides the main substance of the picture.

Dreamboat, thanks to its shrewd parody, both of the old film material and the new commercials, and to Clifton Webb's delightfully acid performance, is often very funny. Perhaps Ginger Rogers is slightly wasted. She is there, all right, but only just there. The film gives a grim picture of the standards of American education, but affords a lively sense of enterprise in the pursuit of American entertainment. One thing puzzles me quite a lot, though. These silent films, with their heavy make-up, jumpy images, preposterous melodramatics and extravagant clinches, are represented as being twenty years old, but something seems to have gone wrong with Hollywood's arithmetic. In 1932 talkies had been in operation for four years, and the American screen was, by and large, turning out better films than it is to-day.

Scaramouche

(Empire, Leicester Square)

I once knew a Hollywood director who defined a historical film as "something way back with a funny hat on." The producers of *Scaramouche* have gone one better. This Technicolor remake of Rafael Sabatini's eighteenth-century romance is something way back with a funny nose on.

Stewart Granger rollicks through the film, frequently hiding his handsome features behind a clown's make-up, with a rubber nose that would have put Cyrano's to shame. He does this so that he can have privacy while he learns to fence, romps with a redhead (Eleanor Parker), goes into Parliament, and finds out who his parents were. The last is important, since he has fallen in love with a girl (Janet Leigh) whom he believes to be his sister. Fortunately she turns out not to be his sister, and the swordsman he has been practising to kill turns out to be his brother, so everybody's happy, even the redhead, who finds Napoleon Buonaparte a satisfactory substitute for Mr. Granger in the end.

Stewart Granger, bemused by his new make-up as a sort of Cyrano in *Scaramouche*, is at a loss to know what to do with urgent Lenore (Eleanor Parker) lolling in his arms.

Just For You

(Plaza)

Bing Crosby's new film, *Just for You*, starts with a frenzied modern song-and-dance number of (to my mind) exceptional ugliness, but after that, becomes quite mild, and even a bit old-fashioned. Mr. Crosby, looking very distinguished with silver threads amongst the gold, appears as a widowed Broadway producer who plans to marry his leading lady (Jane Wyman), but feels he oughtn't to do so until he has become better acquainted with his two neglected teen-age children. There is some attractive Technicolor, and Ethel Barrymore is magnificent as the headmistress of an exclusive boarding-school. On the sentimental side, but not unpleasing.

Affair In Trinidad

(Gaumont, Haymarket)

Affair in Trinidad is about a night-club singer called the Trinidad Lily, who is employed by the British police and the American Consul to uncover a dastardly international plot to destroy America by super-V.2 rockets. This preposterous bit of work marks the return to the screen of Rita Hayworth. She comes back in sequins, with a mane of hair tumbling over her left eye, but otherwise seems as if she had never been away.

Ginger Rogers, eyes still akimbo, seems slightly wasted in *Dreamboat*, in which she shares the satirical glory with Clifton Webb: the terrors of T.V. the theme.

Dreamboat again, with teen-agers Bill Ainslie (Jeffrey Hunter) and Carol Sayre (Anne Francis)—pretty plain and solemn too—grubbing about among the "far-too-ancient-for-them" mysteries of sex.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MR. JOHN COBB and the Loch Ness breeze : For doing our work for us.

A cunning wind neatly took off Mr. Cobb's cap as he surveyed Loch Ness, prior to his attempt on the world water speed record. In view of this picture, the jet engine of his speedboat *Crusader* seems to be aptly named—*Ghost*.

H. H. McKENLEY : For clocking on and off the Murrayfield track in good time.

At the recent City of Edinburgh's Highland Games, H. H. McKenley from Jamaica won the 440-yards Invitation Race in just over 47 seconds. For his first prize he was awarded a large clock packed in an enormous carton, which he carried off the arena at Murrayfield Stadium to the great amusement of the onlookers.

ALBERT GEAR : For expressing himself IRON-ically.

Mr. Gear, upholder of the ancient art of ironwork, bases his work on things taken from life. Well set up with sketch-book, pencil and binoculars, he trudges the countryside near his Surrey home and makes sketches, from which he ultimately works his iron designs. In this case, however, he used himself as a model to make this amusing weather vane !

TIGER : For proving himself a worthy "leader."

Tiger, the office cat of *The Times*, won the cup for the best animal entered by a newspaper office at the Crystal Cat Show, and thus became a subject for his paper's fourth "leader." Usually a dignified office worker he bravely bore being bundled into a basket and transported from Printing House Square to Olympia.

OUR BOOKSHELF

OCTOBER ISLAND. By William March. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ. By Carson McCullers. (*Cresset Press ; 15s.*)

FIRES OF SPRING. By Noel Barber. (*Geoffrey Bles ; 16s.*)

THE JOURNALIST'S LONDON. By Philip Gibbs. (*Allan Wingate ; 15s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A VERY odd book, but a most delectable one, is *October Island*, by William March. Whether or not there is anything obscure or symbolic behind this racy story does not seem to matter, for the story itself is enough. An elderly missionary from an obscure American sect, the Gospel Prophets, arrives with his slightly younger wife on a Pacific island. The wife, Irma, is the book's unusual heroine. She is a cosy, practical soul who is puzzled by the attraction which young men have for her, particularly the handsome half-caste mate of the ship which has brought her to the island. She discovers as the weeks go by that she really hated her tyrannous, bad-tempered father, though she had always supposed she loved him. She finds that she pities her sickly husband with whom her marriage has never been consummated. She becomes aware that the renegade sister who had disgraced the family name is very dear to her. But, most astonishing to her, she finds that it does not seem to matter much that the splendid women of the island refuse to wear the hideous calico dresses she has made for them. The dubious religious rites of the people interest her, particularly when she finds that she has become a leading figure in them. In suave and almost casual manner Mr. March relates all this, giving to his fantastic plot and setting the reality which comes from supremely good story-telling. Irma, the ingenuous, egotistical yet lovable woman missionary, inherits a fortune from her fallen sister, works what appears on the surface to be a mass conversion of the island to the religion of the Gospel Prophets, takes her husband home to die and returns to the island as a nature goddess for whom the islanders have waited and prayed and made ghastly sacrifices. She purchases the steamer on which she had originally arrived and presents it to the mate, then settles down to enjoy a reign of plenty. It is all very exuberant and amusing, a book to be thoroughly enjoyed.

ALSO from America comes *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, by Carson McCullers. There are nine stories in this collection, one of them as long as a short novel and another only slightly shorter. I cannot quite share the ecstasies of Mr. David Garnett and Dr. Edith Sitwell, who say respectively that the author is "the best living American writer" and that she is "a transcendental writer," but I find her work unusual, highly polished and at times almost brutally compelling. Her weakness is to stress the eccentricities and deformities of her characters so insistently that her point seems always driven home with a hammer. The title story, for instance, is about a woman in a shuttered house who only occasionally shows at an upper window "a face like the terrible dim faces known in dreams—sexless and white, with two gray crossed eyes which are turned inward so sharply that they seem to be exchanging with each other one long and secret gaze of grief." The story's other characters are a hunchback whose "crooked little legs seemed too thin to carry the weight of his great warped chest," and a reformed bad man who "for years, when he was a boy, carried about with him the dried and salted ear of a man he had killed in a razor fight." The tale ends with the mournful music of a chain gang. Less broad in effect is the story of a child musical prodigy called "Wunderkind" and another about a jockey embittered by the crippling of his friend. There is a shrewd little sketch called "Madame Zilensky and the King of Finland" about one of those harmless but congenital liars who adorn their lives with useless fantasy and a cruelly veracious study of a woman drunkard called "A Domestic Dilemma." Then comes a long, highly dramatic story of life at an army post. The author has a way of announcing her theme, thus: "There is a fort in the South where a few years ago a murder was committed. The participants of this tragedy were two officers, a soldier, two women, a Filipino and a horse." These tales are all strong, laced with melodrama and highly effective.

EVEN to its title Mr. Noel Barber's *Fires of Spring* is an autobiography in the tradition of *The Arches of the Years* and others which present episodes in a man's life selected for their suitability to the purposes of narrative. It is exceedingly good entertainment, but not, I cannot help feeling, as truly revealing as it would appear. The author seems anxious to hide nothing that will make a good story. He certainly succeeds in this, but I distrust his cheerful candour which has sometimes the false frankness of a well-written news story. At the end of it all one learns more facts about the man himself from the publisher's little note on the back wrapper than one has gathered from all the dizzily cosmopolitan adventures in his book. But that does not make it any less readable in its breathless, hell-for-leather way. It opens with the author's family returning from Denmark at the beginning of the First World War and finding their Danish ship in German hands for some weeks. Then, like so many other innocent people, they are suspected of being German and their house is stoned. Mr. Barber never misses a trick in relating this and remembers a servant who married a murderer, his own month on the stage playing an idiot boy, his near death from lockjaw, his time as a deckhand on a trawler bound for Iceland, and so to manhood and his first attempts at writing. All the first thirty years of his life are recalled thus, through vivid incidents and highly-coloured characters. There is a Bloomsbury lodging-house kept by a kindly creature called China Sue, with Billy and Anna, who did a tumbling act on the music-halls, and Mr. Henry the remittance man as boarders. A girl's attempted suicide, first months in Paris, a night in a Danish gaol, three years as a journalist in Yorkshire, escape to Mexico, a struggle with a 100-lb. fish off Acapulo, dish-washing in Mexico City, acting as a news-editor in Singapore, marriage, honeymoon on a Malayan island, sulphur springs in Java, journey across Siberia—it's good, full-blooded adventurous stuff which will interest a large public.

THE same can be said of *The Journalist's London*, by Philip Gibbs. This is one of a well-illustrated and well-selected series of books called The Londoner's Library, and it follows Mr. Frank Swinnerton's *A Bookman's London*, and Dr. Harvey Graham's *A Doctor's London*. I have found it quite the most fascinating book of its kind to have appeared for years. Sir Philip Gibbs is bound by no pedestrian chronology; he saunters back to his own young manhood in Fleet Street, speaks of the same thoroughfare to-day, or of its site in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries without changing his manner to the pompous one assumed by so many writers when they begin to deal with "history." We are introduced to countless men of the past and present, and somehow they seem to gain stature as they emerge from these pages—Ward Price "a born teller of anecdotes he has never written," Edgar Wallace "with his pale face and quiet manner," Hamilton Fyfe "not unlike George Alexander," T. W. H. Crosland "that strange, sinister, cynical and, I think, embittered man," auctioning corsets in the Café Royal, back to the seventeenth century and Sir Roger L'Estrange, "a florid, loud-mouthed cavalier type" who became Press censor, on to Charles Dickens as a young reporter, back again to Cobbett, who as a newspaper man "added much to the honour and glory of his profession," forward to G. K. Chesterton, who liked to keep cabs and taxis waiting "because it gave him a thrill to think that they were ticking up tuppences," Lord Northcliffe, Labouchère, Hannen Swaffer, Lord Rothermere, T. P. O'Connor, all the familiar names are here and usually there are enlightening snapshots or quotations. The writer tells something of his own story as a journalist, but only in illustration of his theme. The book may be read consecutively, and in long stretches, for it is difficult to put down; but it is for all that a miscellany, historical, autobiographical, topographical. Its illustrations are first-rate.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

AMERICAN INDIANS IN THE PACIFIC.
By Thor Heyerdahl. (*Allen and Unwin ; 70s.*)

The sub-title of this work is "The Theory Behind the Kon-Tiki Expedition," and one feels that the author regards his earlier book merely as a piece of entertainment compared with this vast collection of scientific evidence.

THE FAR COUNTRY.
By Neville Shute. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

A sentimental story of England and Australia ornamented with pieces of descriptive writing which read like travel-agency pamphlets.

THE FATED SKY. By Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. (*Hutchinson ; 18s.*)

An autobiography well and modestly done and full of interest.

I LIVE AGAIN.
By Ileana Princess of Romania. (*Gollancz ; 16s. 6d.*)

Another fine autobiography. There is little of pretty Ruritanian story about this, the work of a brave woman describing the horrors which have descended on her country.

NORMAN DOUGLAS.
By R. M. Dawkins. (*Hart-Davis ; 6s.*)

A rather donnish study of the works of the late Norman Douglas.

FULL ENJOYMENT.
By A. P. Herbert. (*Methuen ; 7s. 6d.*)

Another collection of Sir Alan Herbert's pithy topographical verses.

THE JOY OF CHINESE COOKING.
By Doreen Yen Hung Feng. (*Faber ; 20s.*)

This magnificent manual which takes an honoured place on my shelf of cookery books, between Escoffier and Countess Morphy, starts by explaining with useful illustrations, the basic differences between Chinese and Occidental cooking. Only after it has instilled general principles and explained traditions and whetted the appetite, does it go on to recipes. There should be an enormous demand for it, unless the poor fare now found in Chinese restaurants in London has become too discouraging.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by

Norah Owen

LONDON COUTURE COLLECTIONS REPORT

In evening dresses and dramatic evening coats there is a grandeur which is leading to next year's Coronation splendour. Ronald Paterson, 25, Albemarle Street, a designer who is not a member of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, has made this beautiful evening coat in violet doeskin. It has a low back yoke and the sleeves are cuffed in fox, dyed deep violet. It is worn over a white, draped chiffon-jersey crinoline, which is embroidered with an enormous spray of flowers in violet sequins.

The Autumn Collections of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers have been shown to the Press, the Foreign Buyers, and are now being shown to the couturiers' private clientèle. For those who are looking for fashion news, there is disappointment, only two houses having produced a really new line. But is news in fashion what we need every season ? Is it what is expected by the world from the British designers ?

British designers are first and foremost classicists, and it is as such that they have most to give to the fashion world as a whole. At the present time, against the background of the international scene, it seems that there is an even greater need for emphasis on the purely classic line, using the best fabrics, the best workmanship and the best accessories. If these can all be British, then so much the better.

THE LINE. In general the line is slim and taut, giving a sleek, active look. There is a length from waist to hemline, particularly in day-time clothes, which takes one back to the 'thirties. Skirts are longer, and whether the waist-line is high or low, and it varies in all the collections, the bust is emphasised, giving a long, free line. This is again shown in the evening dresses of Hardy Amies, which fall from below the bosom in a Second Empire line.

SUITS. These vary from Hardy Amies' straight classics to Victor Stiebel's nipped waisted jackets and swinging skirts, with a deliciously exciting "Gaucho line" of Lachasse, with its bulky, top-heavy look as real fashion news. Many jackets are loose to the hips, with no waist-line.

COATS. There are many fitted coats, without undue hip emphasis, towering into high, flattering fur collars. Fur is news on coats as collars and monster cuffs, and everywhere as coat linings. The furs are not the fabulously rich variety, but lynx, fox, mole, seal and chinchilla rex. Tweed and travel coats are straighter, without unnecessary bulk.

DAY DRESSES. Slim, slim dresses for day-time. The tweed dress is everywhere, with rounded shoulders and bust emphasis. Pleating, buttons and some hip draping. Back pleats give width in slim skirts.

COCKTAIL DRESSES. Here the skirts are straight or wide, and one can have full, rustling lace or net skirts, or be knife-slim in velvet or satin. John Cavanagh uses tweed with velvet or lace for some cocktail separates, as does Victor Stiebel.

EVENING DRESSES. Without exception the designers have gone gay, giving us a foretaste of the glamour which will abound in the Coronation year. Norman Hartnell, in particular, has many dresses in his collection which seem destined to appear beneath Coronation robes, and his wonderful crinolines are only part of the main collection which will appear in September. Peter Russell has a superb

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Keith Ewart.

(Continued overleaf)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

Left: This is Lachasse's "Gaucho" suit, which is one of the most striking lines to come out of the collections. The skirt is black and pencil-slim, the black-and-white tweed jacket is cut with tremendous width across the figure, and the sleeves, which are long and full, add to this bulky, top-heavy look. The jacket is lined with bright green wool jersey, and the snug-fitting bathing cap is also green jersey. Lachasse, 4, Farm Street.

Below: Tweed and fur together are featured in this suit by Digby Morton, 54, Grosvenor Hill. The suit is brown and white herringbone tweed, the jacket belted, with rounded shoulders, and the skirt slim. The cross-over front of the jacket is edged with beaver, making a long collar, and the pockets are made of the same fur. So is the tiny, fitting tricorne, designed by Rudolf, at Digby Morton.

LONDON COUTURE COLLECTIONS REPORT

crinoline with long sleeves, and Hardy Amies has a number of picture dresses in his collection.

COLOURS. There is a surprising amount of black in all the collections, and a return of brown as an important winter shade, used with black and on its own, in various shades. Green, in many varieties, is used for day and evening, and red makes a dramatic showing, from deep, glowing wine shades to geranium pinks, which make attractive evening dresses.

FABRICS. With the sleek lines, there is also sleekness in fabrics for dresses and suits. Coats go to another extreme, with ribbed effects, knobbly tweeds and hairy surfaces. The tweed of the season is definitely Donegal, in different colourings and weights, and for cocktail and evening wear, velvet easily takes leading place, with lace in second place.

ACCESSORIES. Belts are leather, very plain and not wide. They are used in some of the collections, in black or gun-metal patent leather with all dresses, even the fullest ball dresses. Blouses have reached a new elegance, smooth and slim in important fabrics, and many couturiers show amusing waistcoats.

HATS. In both Rudolf's collection at Digby Morton and at Lachasse, there is a return to the old "Bathing Cap" of the 'twenties, head-hugging and hiding the hair. These two designers also have a tall, often pointed line, deceptive in its casual shapelessness.

SHOES. With the simple, slim lines of suits and dresses, the classic pump, with a slimmer, almost spindly heel is the shoe of the season. For cocktail and evening dresses, the foot should look as bare as possible, whether in fragile sandal or bejewelled backless mule.

Above, left. Ronald Paterson's coat is made from the long-haired shiny coatings, gleaming in town or for country or travel wear. It is belted in grey leather, and a large shawl collar gives it the season's shoulder bulk. The skirt is full, but easy, and a high-buttoning, jutting vest gives winter warmth. This coat is typical of many shaggy, shining coats which are to be seen in all the collections. It is worn with a pale yellow close-fitting felt by Edward Harvane, 2, Carlos Place.

Above, right. Black is still a leading colour, and this dress and jacket in soft black wool show the long sleek line, which is typical of this season's designs. The dress fits high to the neck, with a slight hip drape below the waistline. The jacket has the typical Lachasse wide, but dropped shoulder line, and is edged all round with a strip of Persian lamb. The hair-hiding black, high-crowned felt is again typical of Lachasse's deceptively simple new hat lines.

Left: Michael Sherard, 17, Curzon Street, is one of the designers who has used much fur in his collection, and concentrated on the high fur collar as a frame to the face. His Plantagenet blue velour coat is fitting, with a wide skirt, belted in patent leather. It has rounded sleeves, and a high pyramid collar of moleskin. It is worn with Gardenia's Plantagenet blue velvet hat, with a high moleskin crown. To go with the coat, Michael Sherard has designed a mole-grey wool georgette afternoon dress in a simple princess line, with beautiful drawn-thread work.

(Continued overleaf)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

LONDON COUTURE COLLECTIONS REPORT

Left: Black, and again black, is seen in every collection. Black for day, for evening, and particularly for cocktail-time. This cocktail dress from Hardy Amies, 14, Savile Row, is in black pure silk satin chiffon, and it flows softly from the high, emphasised, draped bodice in an Empire line. This feminine line is a feature of Hardy Amies' collection, for cocktail and evening wear, and one of the most beautiful dresses of his collection is a ball dress in tulle, in shades of pink and geranium-red, with the same flowing sweep to the long skirt.

Below: Again black, this time black lace, which is one of the most flattering fashions of the season, and is used by many of the couturiers. This dress by Mattli, 12, Upper Grosvenor Street, is an ankle-length cocktail dress, with a full skirt over net, worn over a slim, cherry-red slip. The bodice is fitted, belted at the normal waist, with a dropped, curving hip-line, and has a low neck and tiny sleeves.

SUMMARY. The main news from the collections is fur—fur trimming on suits, coats and even evening dresses. Everyone will want to peer out of enormously flattering high fur collars. Joint star in fashion news with fur is black velvet, as a main fabric or as a flattering finish to suits and dresses. Tweed is a highlight and so is lace, and rich, rich satins and embossed fabrics. This season we must look long and slim, below a bulky, emphasised jacket line and a rounded bust-line in dresses. We must wear, difficult though they are, the head-hugging, hair-hiding hats and caps.

Velvet is highlighted in this dress. Brown velvet leaves and flowers, outlined in gold, are scattered over Digby Morton's bronze net, wide-skirted evening dress. In this dress, as in many others this season, one shoulder is covered. The bronze-and-pearl three-strand necklace is from Fior, Burlington Gardens.

Above: This beautiful evening dress is by Victor Stiebel, 16, Grosvenor Street. It is a wide, wide crinoline dress, in pewter-grey paper taffeta, embossed with large velvet motifs. The bodice is fitting, and Stiebel adds a tailored patent leather belt. One shoulder is left bare, the other is draped into a tiny sleeve. This is one of the most striking dresses of the season, and the fabric is very much in the news.

Left: An evening dress with much glamour by Hardy Amies, 14, Savile Row, is in rich, dark brown velvet, embroidered with black on the shoulders and hips. It has built-up shoulders, and a wide neckline back and front, a tailored belt, and the skirt falls fully from wide, unpressed pleats. Nothing could be more dramatic than the come-back brown makes as a colour, and velvet as a fabric, with this dress.

(Continued overleaf)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

Corduroy is a favourite for both town and country at this time of the year, and this little dress by John Selby will be attractive for many seasons. In golden corduroy, it has a plain bodice, with an open neck, and cuffed three-quarter sleeves. The skirt is wide, and the corduroy is cut and arranged to give an amusing patchwork effect. In many shades, it is found at Marshall and Snelgrove, London, and the Marshall and Snelgrove County Shops in Manchester, Scarborough, Bradford, Southport, Harrogate and Leeds, price 9 gns. The Woolsand grey soft velour hat is from D. H. Evans, price approximately £2 0s. 6d.

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TALES WITH A STING

THE GOOD EXAMPLE

By Yvonne Seager

I DISLIKED Timothy the first time he was brought to the house, escorted by a frilly mother and a starched nurse. He was pretty enough to be a little girl (I was plain enough for a boy). He was polite and ingratiating. His table manners were exquisite. Timothy was born in an Embassy (and I in a mere nursing home) and he had travelled extensively already. His father was a diplomat : his mother a considerable heiress. Most of this information I gathered from conversations between his nurse and our cook. My own mother's delight at Timothy seemed sheer disloyalty. I took refuge in sulks, for which I was reprimanded in front of the guests. The truth was that Timothy was a much more charming child than I was. His mother was complacent about it, and mine was plain jealous. I longed to hit Timothy, to take a handful of those golden curls and pull : to twist that "angel blob of a nose." But chivalry obtained. I could never touch Timothy. He was six ; I was nine.

"Do you know Paris ?" Timothy asked me politely.

"No. . . ." I had never been out of England. I knew quite a few facts about the French capital from my reading, and I was sorting out the simpler ones for Timothy when he interrupted me.

"We often go there. . . . We fly. Do you know Switzerland ? Or Brussels ? Or Athens ? Have you been to New York ?"

I suppose now that Timothy was not the prodigy we thought him, but just a bright child who had had the destinations of his various journeys constantly repeated to him. He understood nothing of the places themselves—Athens was a house and garden, Paris was a house and garden, New York was a hotel. Brussels was a house where he'd been badly scratched by a cat. He had been schooled into polite behaviour earlier than most children, like baby royalty, that was all.

The visit dragged to an end, and Timothy was taken home. Then I had to listen to a résumé of his charms and beauty. I comforted myself with thinking that if he were as wonderful as that, he would certainly die young, and as far as I was concerned, he couldn't do it soon enough.

"Did you see how prettily he thanked me ? Such poise—and three years younger than you, Gwendoline !"

"Little Lord Fauntleroy," muttered my father. "That hair !"

"But Edward——"

"Comparisons aren't fair. Look at the child's opportunities. Leave Gwen alone."

I never loved my father more than at that moment, but unfortunately my parents concluded their conversation in French.

Timothy's parents had taken a house on the Bay for the summer, so I occasionally met him. We nodded distantly or stood apart while the adults chatted, and I had the small satisfaction of snubbing all his conversational openings. My rudeness embarrassed my mother, but Timothy had just been given a pony, and I was consumed with jealousy. Any other child, and I would have begged a ride. But not even a chestnut pony would induce me to ask a favour of Timothy.

In the end, Timothy's parents asked a favour of us. His mother had been called away, and his nurse was suddenly taken ill. So for a whole day, Timothy was to be our guest. I lamented loudly. My father warned me to behave properly, and my mother begged me to be nice to him for her sake. I gave in and promised.

Timothy was delivered to our house at ten o'clock punctually by the kitchenmaid, and started by thanking my mother most charmingly for having him. Mother assured him that the pleasure was entirely ours (!) and, at some inconvenience to herself, stayed and played with us till lunch. After lunch, she had an engagement elsewhere, and Timothy and I were sent to play on the beach in sight of the house. I was taken aside and put in charge of the guest. He was to keep his hat on. I was to be nice to him, etc.

At last we were alone on the hot, deserted beach. "Shall I build you a castle ?" I offered.

"Thank you very much."

I worked for an hour. "There, do you like it ?"

"Yes, thank you."

Silence.

"Would you like to build one, or shall we make one together ?"

"I think I will build my own."

So I sat back and watched, and both in size and design his castle was infinitely superior.

The time dragged, and I stole covert glances at the house, longing for cook's aproned figure to wave us in to tea. A fleck of orange near us caught my eye. "That's a dried-up starfish," I told Timothy.

He hardly glanced at it. "It's orange-peel." He was right.

"Hello, Gwenny-wenny. Who's your pal ?"

It was Mike Masters, a child whom my mother classed as "rough," and with whom I was not to play. I had played with him, of course. He used words I didn't understand, and we had come to blows over the possession of an old wooden box washed up by the tide. "Is it a boy or a girl, Gwenny ?"

Awkwardly, I said Timothy's name, and moved protectively nearer him.

Mike seemed to find it wildly funny. He called his younger brother George, and a pal of theirs. The two boys stopped kicking each other's shins and crowded round us, breathing gustily. "Look who Gwenny-wenny's playing nursemaid to ! What price a haircut, Goldylocks ?"

Timothy took one disgusted look at Mike, and another at me, for having such an acquaintance, and went on playing. Mike was something outside his world, and it didn't occur to him to be frightened. But I was frightened for him. Mike was the town bully, and he had two henchmen with him. We were alone on the beach, beyond hailing distance of cook in her kitchen, or my father in his study. I decided to manœuvre Timothy back to the house. "Come on," I nudged him. "It's time to go in now. Bring your spade."

But Timothy was in no hurry to move. He sat on his heels, staring at the intruders, and holding his spade across his chest.

"'Ere, gimme that spade !" Mike swooped on him, snatching the spade from his unwary hands. The spade had an iron face : it was one of the more expensive ones. "Give it yer back termorrer. Maybe !" The three boys started down the beach.

"He's taking my spade away." Timothy's big blue eyes filled with tears. "Where's he taking it to ? I want it."

I got to my feet. Battle was inevitable, so I wasn't going to waste time asking Mike to please give the spade back. They were three to one, for Timothy was obviously useless. Besides, he had been left in my care. This was going to be my business. I ran after the smallest of the boys, brought him down, and pushed his face in the sand. The others turned with a whoop. Battle was joined.

The next ten minutes were violent and bloody. I hit, bit, scratched and punched whichever of the other three I could get hold of. After a minute, my fear gave way to elation. I was a vixen defending a cub. A watchdog, a tigress, a crusader. My concern for Timothy and his property was comical. I had become careless of pain, and was surprised to see a tuft of my hair round a jacket-button, and find my nose wet and sticky.

A little blood can go a long way. My own gore, and a contribution from Mike's nose, was soon all over us, but worse was to come. Freeing himself from me, Mike seized the forgotten spade, and aimed what might have been a lethal blow at my head. I was holding my breath. Not from anticipation, but from dislike of the animal smell exuded by Mike and his brother—a smell of sweat and chips and unchanged clothes. I ducked, but George, who had his back to Mike, did not. So it was on his own brother that Mike brought down Timothy's spade. The flat—fortunately, not the edge—caught his shoulder, and he fell on the sand with a shriek of pain. Mike swore, George swore, and the smallest boy, a snivelling onlooker for the most part, took to his heels. I grabbed the spade and ran back to Timothy. A moment later the two brothers were grabbling furiously together.

"Here's your spade," I said a little thickly. Did the silly boy realise I had defended it with my life ?

But Timothy recoiled. "It's got blood on it. So've you. Oh, go away ! You're all dirty and horrid. I want to go home !" And he began to bawl.

This was the moment at which Cook called us in to tea.

I was punished for fighting, for speaking to Mike Masters and for tearing my dress. I preserved an obstinate silence as to the cause, which exasperated my mother out of proportion to its importance. My father, I think, guessed what had happened, but mother's refrain was "Look at Timothy. He doesn't fight. Such an example—and he's three years younger !"

I went to bed early and supperless.

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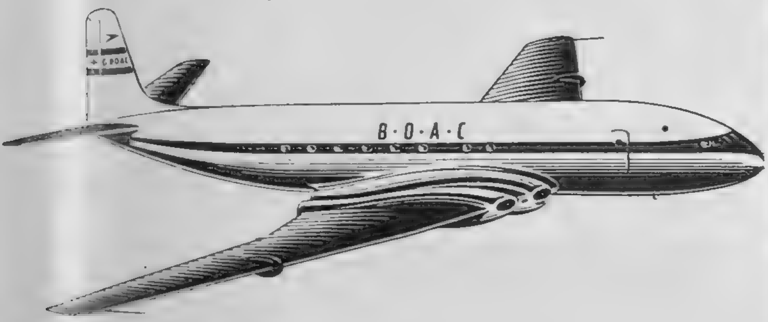

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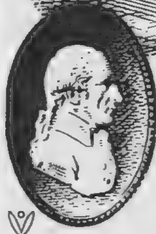

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A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

THOSE who suffer from lack of space should be particularly pleased to know about some cleverly designed little tables. These are triangular-shaped and fit neatly into corners or around the arm of an easy chair. If placed one upon another they make pretty corner shelves for books, plants, lamps, etc. They are extremely attractive to look at and come in a variety of exotic woods such as Zebrana and Indian laurel, also in sycamore and rosewood. These " jig-saw " tables are very reasonably priced and should make a perfect answer to the old problem. " What on earth shall we give them for a wedding present ? "

* * *

Gardeners—particularly the hardy indoor variety with cacti or window-boxes to tend—will be glad to hear about my next find. It is a bottle made of Polythene (a lightweight unbreakable plastic) which has a directional side-spray top and is ideal for all small spraying tasks. It can also be used for a number of household jobs such as damping clothes in preparation for ironing ; spraying anti-moth lotions, disinfectants, and so on. The side-spray (which can be bought separately) screws into the top of the 6- or 8-oz. bottle.

* * *

The appalling thought of seeing a replica of my figure staring me in the face deterred me for far too long from buying a dress stand. The one I have now is invaluable and makes me wonder how I ever made anything to fit me before I had it. If you don't do any dressmaking yourself you can leave your Twinform with your dressmaker to act as your stand-in. The dress stand is modelled to your figure from a paper mould made in thirty minutes, and, at the present time, can be delivered, complete on its adjustable stand, in a fortnight. The firm that makes it will alter it should you put on weight at a later date !

* * *

For the last few months I have been using two most useful gadgets on my sewing machine. One is a coiled spring that fits over the presser foot and can be simply turned back when not required. It enables you to darn by sewing backwards and forwards—very necessary for household linen—and also to make a zigzag stitch which strengthens worn edges, binds torn edges, and fastens off seams. The other gadget, also made in Denmark but on sale in this country, is a hemstitching fork. With its aid, and after a little practice, I learned to make neat hem-stitched edges. The instructions, which are simple, are supplied with it. The appearance of the hemstitching may be altered simply by setting the machine to a longer or shorter stitch.

* * *

I make no apology for drawing attention, for the sake of those who have not yet discovered it, to a manicure time-saver that has been on the market for some time. I find that one bottle of " Oil Dry " lasts me for many months and saves time, temper and spoiled nail varnish. About a minute after applying varnish you paint a coat of this colourless oil over your nails ; in another minute or two the varnish is dry. It really does save that frantic waving about of the hands in an effort to speed up the drying process.

* * *

If you hate balancing a coffee-cup on the usually inadequate arm of a chair you will be pleased to know about a new heat-resisting and non-inflammable tray which has powerful spring clips that clamp it to the chair-arm so that it can hold cups, etc., quite safely. I also use mine for picnics in the car ; I clamp it on an arm-rest or on the back of the front seat.

* * *

An apple-corer and slicer makes a worthy tailpiece this month. It is made of plastic and has a keen cutting edge which cannot get blunt. When pressed firmly on the apple it cuts it into eight even portions and separates the core. It is an excellent time-saver.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It

The " Jig-Saw " table : £2 6s. 3d. ; at Liberty of Regent Street. " Poly-Tainer " bottle : 1s. 11d. and 2s. 4d. ; directional side-spray top, 1s. ; at Jays, and other stores. " Twinform " Dress Stand : 6½ gns. ; at John Lewis Partnership and Harrods, among others ; or direct from Trufits Dress Stands Ltd., 52, Edgware Road, W.2. Ambassador 6569. " Stoppax " darner : 3s. 6d. ; " Stoppax " Hem-stitching Fork : 5s. 6d. ; at many leading stores or direct from John Stream Ltd., 300, Kingston Road, S.W.20. Peggy Sage's " Oil Dry " : 5s. ; at many chemists, stores, etc. The Armchair Tray : 12s. 6d. ; in cream, green or pink at the Civil Service Stores. The " Quarto " Apple-corer and slicer : 2s. 1d. ; in seven colours at the Army & Navy Stores.

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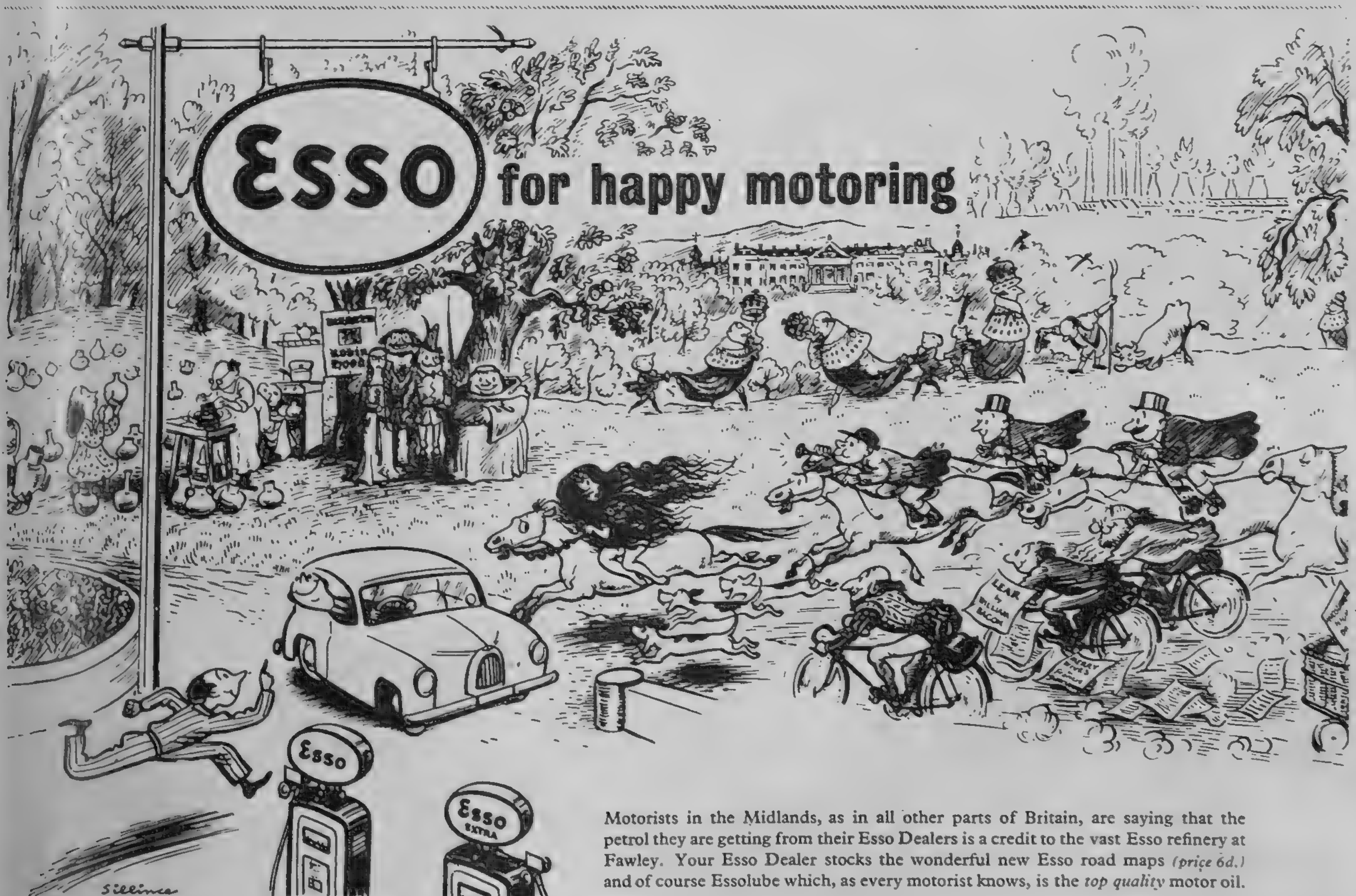

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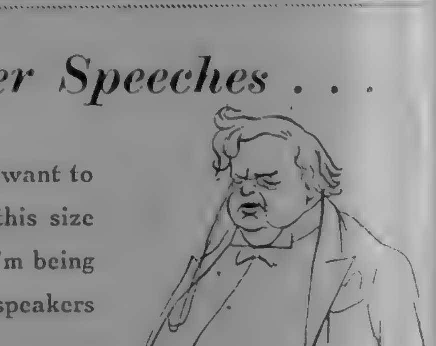

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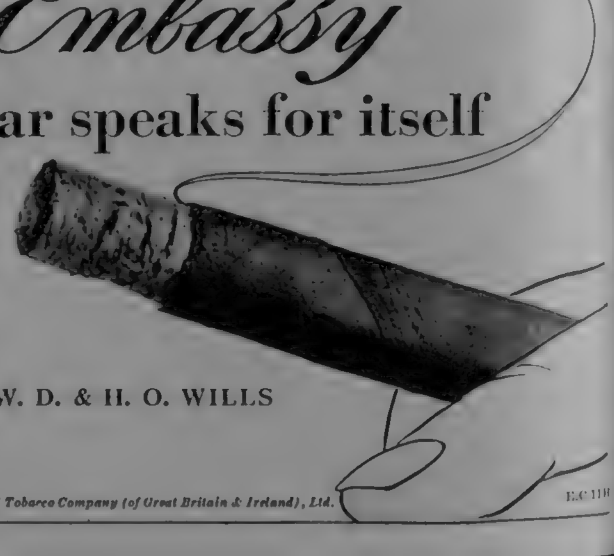

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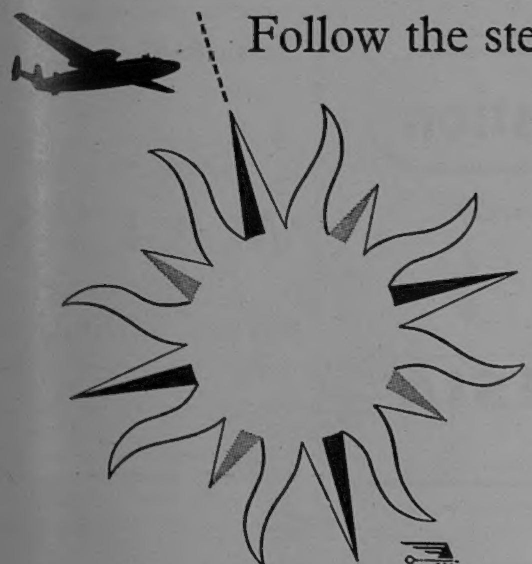

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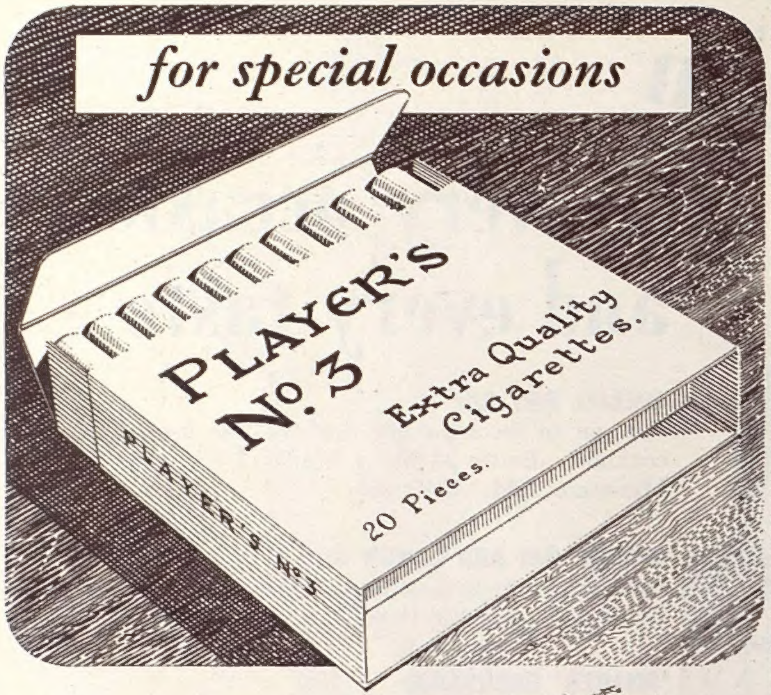

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[3P 112B]

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